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MARCH 2014

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TWISTED DEATHBED RANT

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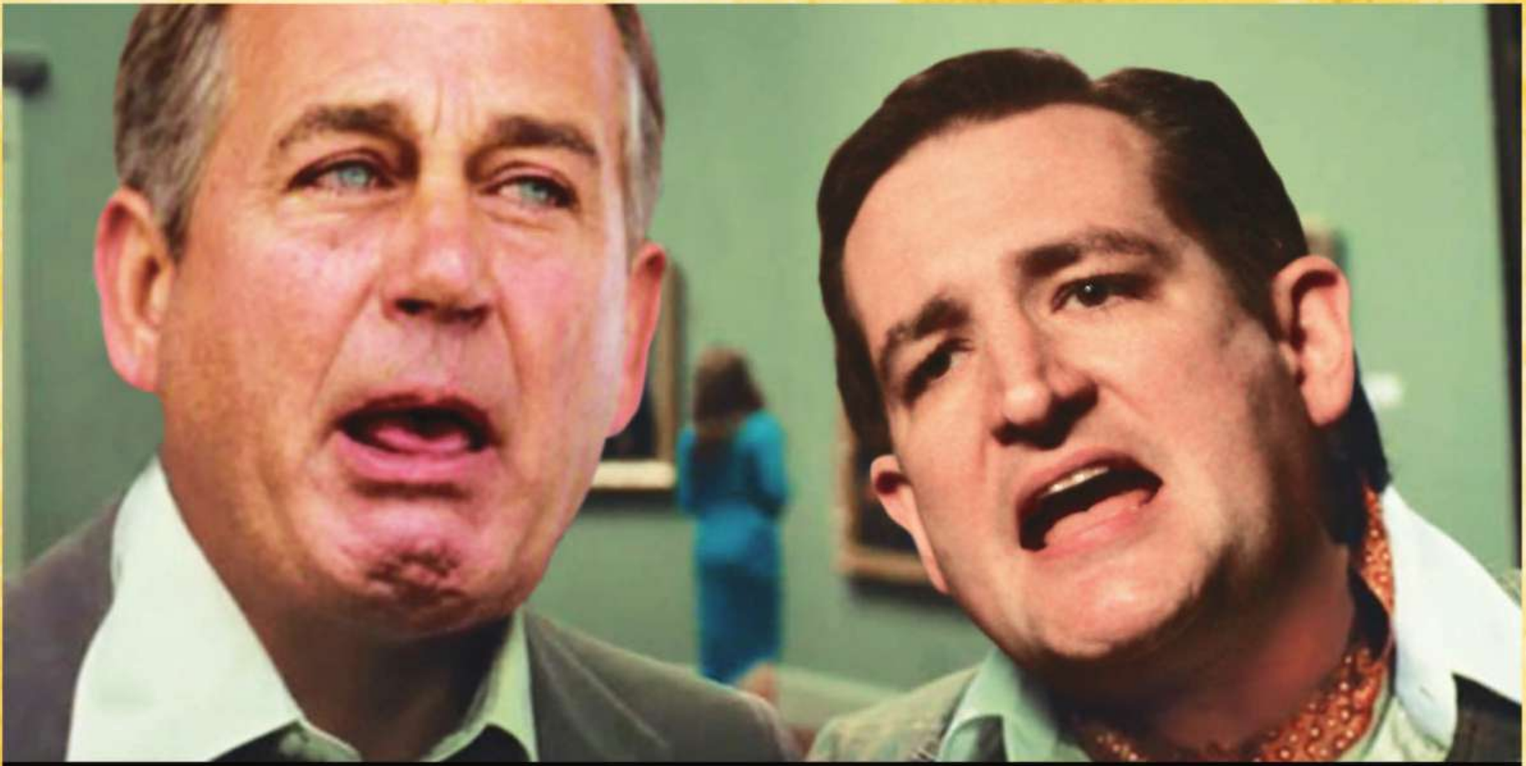

UNAMERICAN HUSTLE

JOHN **BOEHNER** · TED **CRUZ** · ERIC **CANTOR** · PAUL **RYAN** · RAND **PAUL** · SARAH **PALIN**

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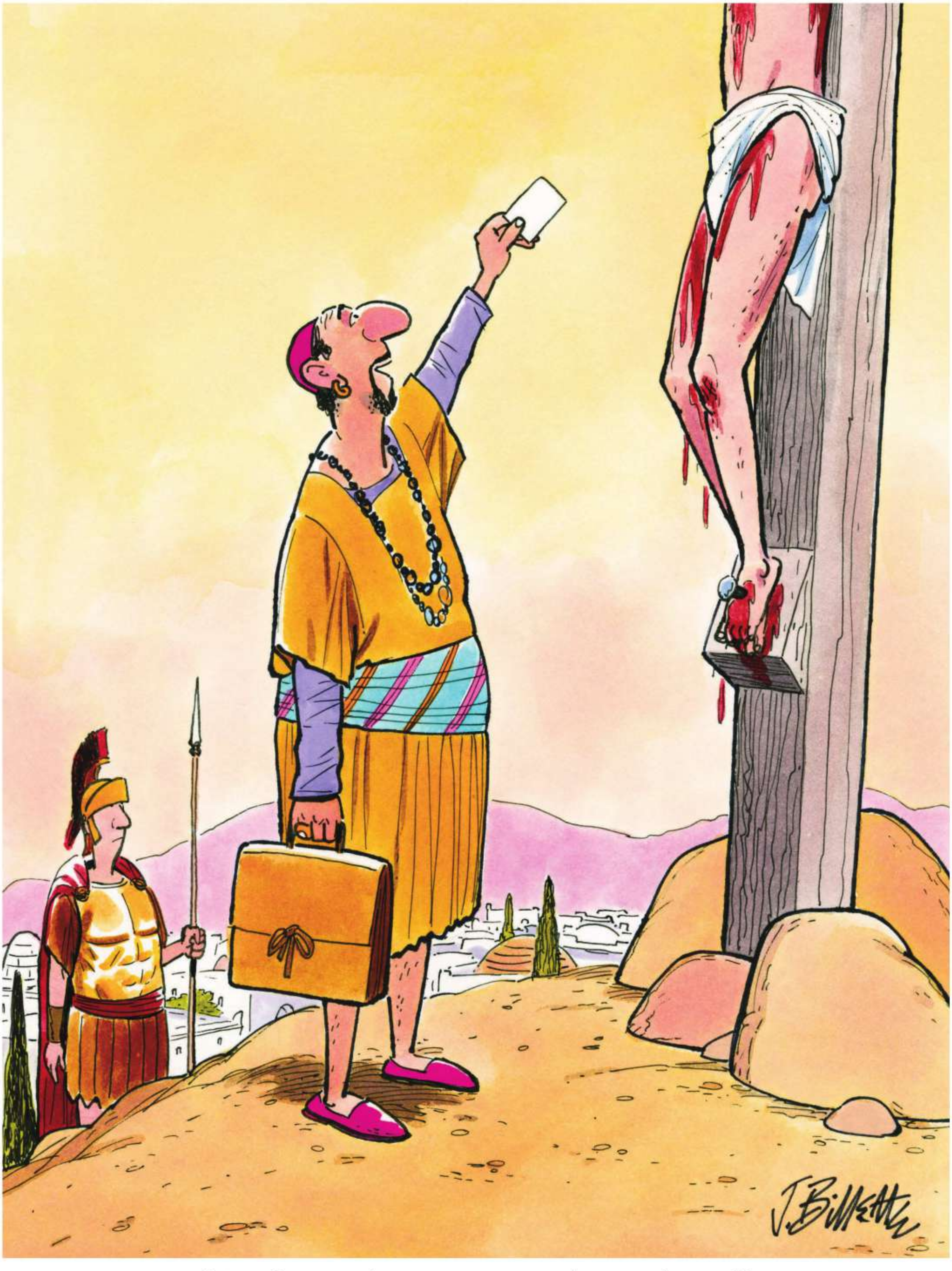

"Mr. Christ? Abe Stein, personal injury lawyer!"

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HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 40, No. 10, March 2014. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly and twice in October by LFP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Copyright © 2013 LFP Publishing Group, LLC. All rights reserved. Nothing herein may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and LFP Publishing Group, LLC assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. All letters sent to **HUSTLER** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **HUSTLER**'s right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between persons and places in fictional portions of this magazine and any real persons or places is purely coincidental. All photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

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YEAR OF RECKONING

Election year 2014 is upon us, and the time has come to call our representatives to account. In 2013 Republicans in Congress delivered a shameful, unprecedented spectacle of disregard for the American people that cannot be excused or forgotten. This is no longer a matter of a few Tea Party wacko birds.

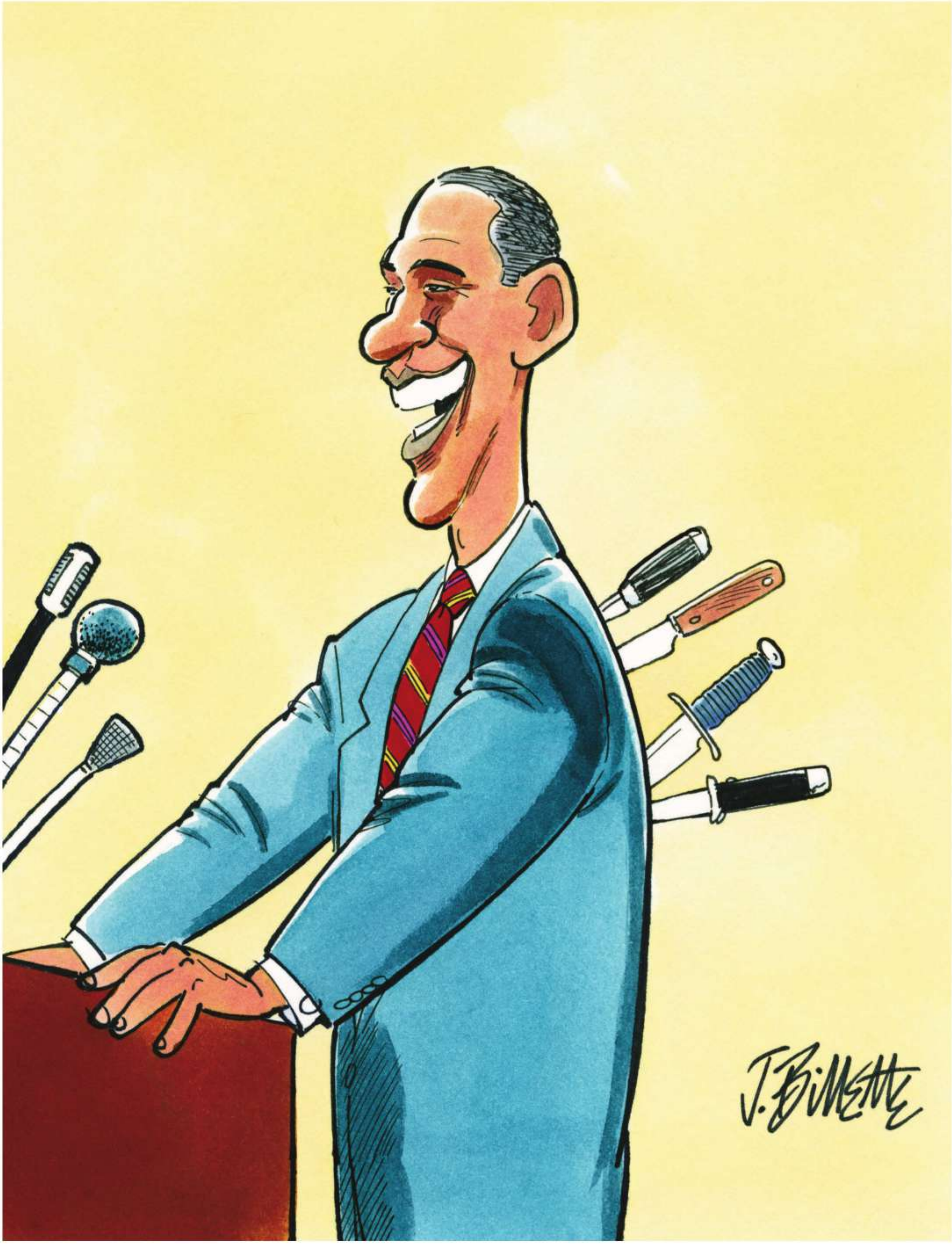
The government shutdown and foolhardy hostaging of the debt ceiling proved that anti-Democratic extremism has become the platform of the Republican Party leadership. We now know exactly what we're dealing with when it comes to the GOP: a pack of thugs unwilling to participate in the democratic process.

As election season gets underway, every American needs to get involved at the primary level. Democrats and non-Republicans as a whole need to actively back strong candidates to oppose Tea Party incumbents and the rising wave of extremist right-wingers. I appeal to all constituents in their states and districts to join this epic battle.

There are enough Republican-held seats up for reelection—particularly in the House—to shift Congress back to the control of reasonable Democrats who will work with conservatives to do what government is supposed to do: serve the people and preserve opportunity and prosperity.

America cannot afford to put up with assholes who endanger the entire country to further their own shortsighted goals. We have the power to kick them out of Congress and keep them out. It's time to use it or lose it.

Larry Flynt
Publisher



"I met again today with Republican leadership and came away convinced that we can still work together for the common good."

BIG BROTHER'S IN YOUR POCKET

DON'T BUY THE MYTH THAT SMARTPHONES SOLELY KEEP TRACK OF YOUR HABITS AS A "CONSUMER CONVENIENCE."

Your smartphone is your enemy. Yes, that cute little sidekick you carry around is a vicious snitch that does more than monitor your every movement and purchase. The handy device continuously reports back to a vast government-controlled computer network that can swoop down to punish you for any behavior disapproved of by omnipresent Big Brother.

It won't be long before most smartphones are equipped with a variant of Touch ID. That's the fingerprint-identification feature Apple Inc. acquired with its purchase of AuthenTec, a spin-off from the Harris Corporation, a mammoth Pentagon contractor. How convenient that technology developed by the NSA and other surveillance agencies is now made available to Americans to facilitate government spying on them.

Apple's introduction of Touch ID only seals the deal. But even before that totalitarian fantasy became a reality, the pervasive reliance on smartphones for all of our activities—even the most intimate—spelled the final end of any significant remaining private space.

In ways both big and small that even relatively knowledgeable consumers barely comprehend, the smartphone far exceeds the already considerable threat to privacy brought on by the ubiquitous power of the Internet. The very fact of the smartphone's mobility, as opposed to tethered desktop computers and bulky laptops, is the source of their perfidious intrusion on privacy.

Forget cookies, those irascible bits of computer code that surreptitiously invade your computer and report back on your browsing preferences. They are extremely limited because your computer does not often accompany you. By contrast, the smartphone is a microcomputer that is always in close proximity as it uses apps, not cookies, to track your daily behavior.

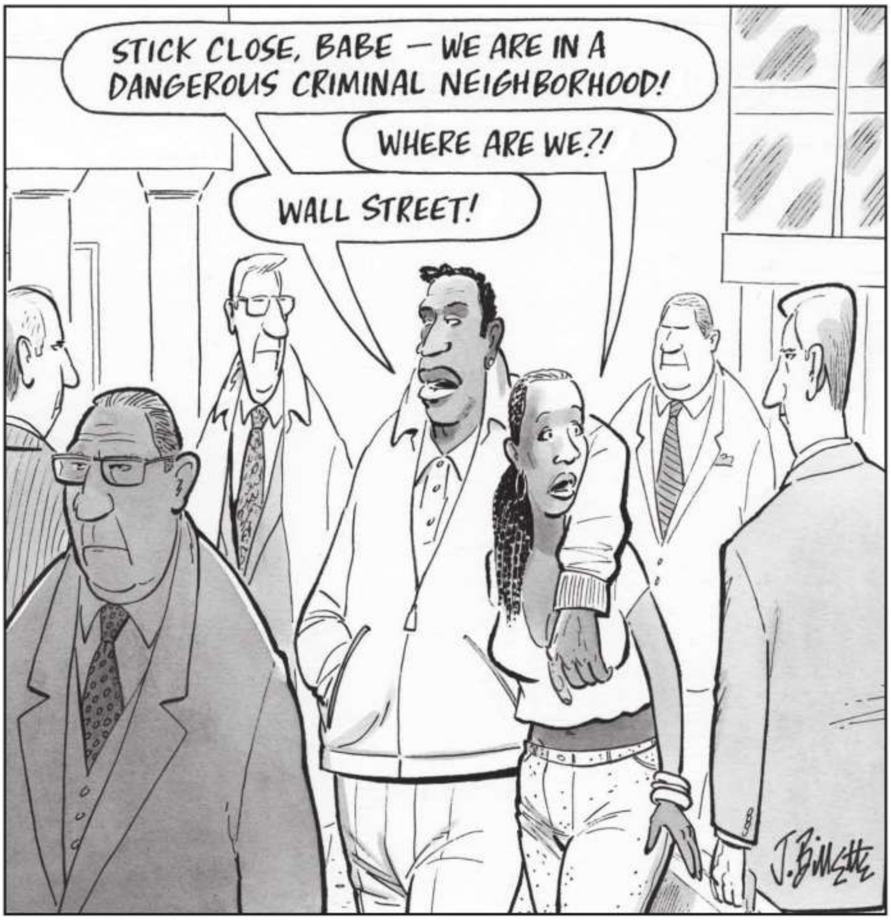
Private snooping companies like Drawbridge, started by a former Google data scientist, are getting rich thanks to technology that finds ideal advertising targets. As the *New York Times* reported: "Drawbridge is one of several start-ups that have figured out how to follow people without cookies, and to determine that a cellphone, work computer, home computer and tablet belong to the same person, even if the devices are in no way connected.... 'We're observing your behaviors and connecting your profile to mobile devices,' said Eric Rosenblum, chief operating officer at Drawbridge. But don't call it tracking. 'Tracking is a dirty word,' he said."

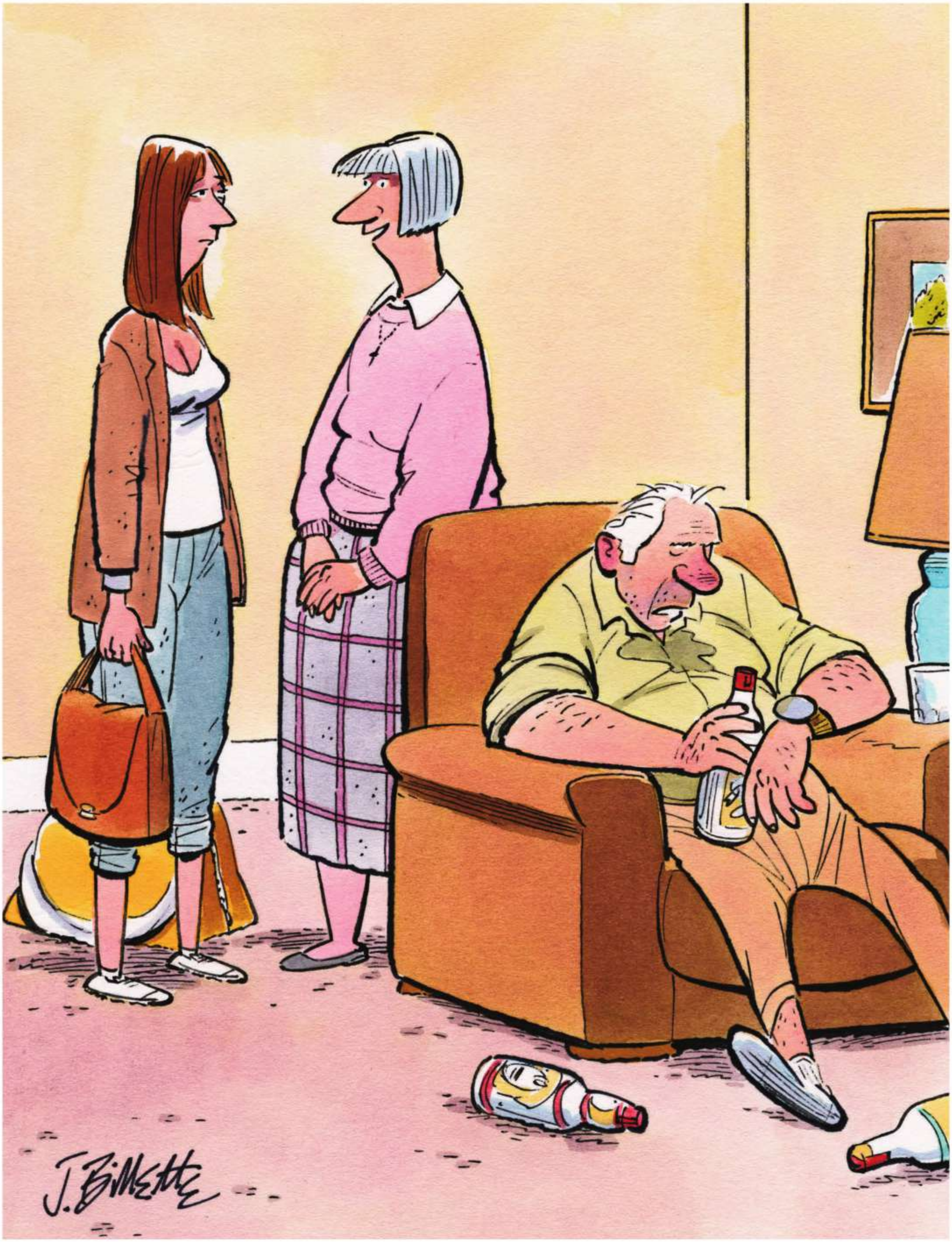
Dirty it is when you consider that a new huge industry is being developed to dredge your most personal activities: where and what you eat and with whom; the books you read; the movies you watch; the political, church or social functions you attend; and potentially the content of all of your online conversations. The data miners claim they are doing this as a "consumer convenience," allowing advertisers to target you with their wares. But even if that were acceptable, we know that all such privately gathered information is readily available to government agencies worldwide.

After the revelations by whistleblower Edward Snowden, the huge telecom wireless carriers—led by Verizon and AT&T—have conceded that they freely transfer the information they collect whenever authorized snoops come calling, but it needn't be the government. They also freely sell that data to other for-profit companies and, as the *New York Times* pointed out, "Neither state nor federal law prohibits the collection or sharing of data by third parties."

Both Verizon and AT&T claim that their customers can opt out of having the data on their personal habits shared, but that is a joke when the customer is generally kept in the dark as to what is collected and sold. Nor would that stop government agencies like the NSA from grabbing every bit of information it seeks. The only smart thing to do is throw away your smartphone.

Before serving almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. He is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *The Great American Stickup: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*


STICK CLOSE, BABE — WE ARE IN A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL NEIGHBORHOOD!
WHERE ARE WE?!
WALL STREET!



"Dear, I'm afraid your father has developed a drinking problem since his retirement. He says he can't stand my ass when he's sober!"

NSA, FBI & MLK

GOVERNMENT AGENCIES ENTRUSTED TO BE OUR PROTECTORS HAVE BEEN STALKING US FOR DECADES.

On the 50th anniversary of the March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom, I remembered being near Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. as he delivered his "I Have a Dream" speech at the Lincoln Memorial. What I didn't know then I learned in September 2013: Declassified documents revealed that during the 1960s the National Security Agency had put him on a watch list.

Martin Luther King was a threat to this country? And what about the bearded guy who was cheering as Dr. King spoke on August 28, 1963? The NSA probably had the FBI's file on me back then.

As the civil rights movement gained momentum, Dr. King's enemies were not limited to such openly rabid racists as the Ku Klux Klan. An FBI memo called him the "most dangerous and effective Negro leader in the country." I wonder if Dr. King ever knew how doggedly the FBI was keeping an eye on him.

Its surveillance is chronicled in the landmark exposé *The Lawless State: The Crimes of the U.S. Intelligence Agencies*. In February 1962, "on the day King was arrested on a charge of parading without a permit in Albany [New York]…[FBI Director] J. Edgar Hoover ordered a field review of FBI files for 'subversive' information on King 'suitable for dissemination.'"

And dig this, keeping in mind that the FBI is headquartered in the J. Edgar Hoover Building: "By May 1962 the nonviolent civil rights leader was now a person to be rounded up and detained in the event of a 'national emergency.'"

The Lawless State describes how the FBI beefed up its surveillance of Dr. King. After President John F. Kennedy was assassinated in November 1963, the bureau "planned to put the first of many illegal bugs in Dr. King's room at the Willard Hotel in Washington, D.C.…so that King could be completely discredited."

The bugs "apparently picked up information about King's private extramarital and perhaps 'interracial' sexual activities. This opened up the possibility of discrediting King as a Communist who engaged in 'moral improprieties.'"

For me, Dr. King remains an inspiring enemy of American racism. I cherish the time he told me about A.J. Muste, the anti-Vietnam War clergyman who first moved him—while a seminary student—to explore civil disobedience as a way to protest Jim Crow and violations of the 14th Amendment's Equal Protection Clause.

To my knowledge, no one at the FBI or in the Lyndon B. Johnson Administration has been exposed or punished for conducting wholly unlawful surveillance of Martin Luther King's private life. Will Barack Obama or a future president do something about that?

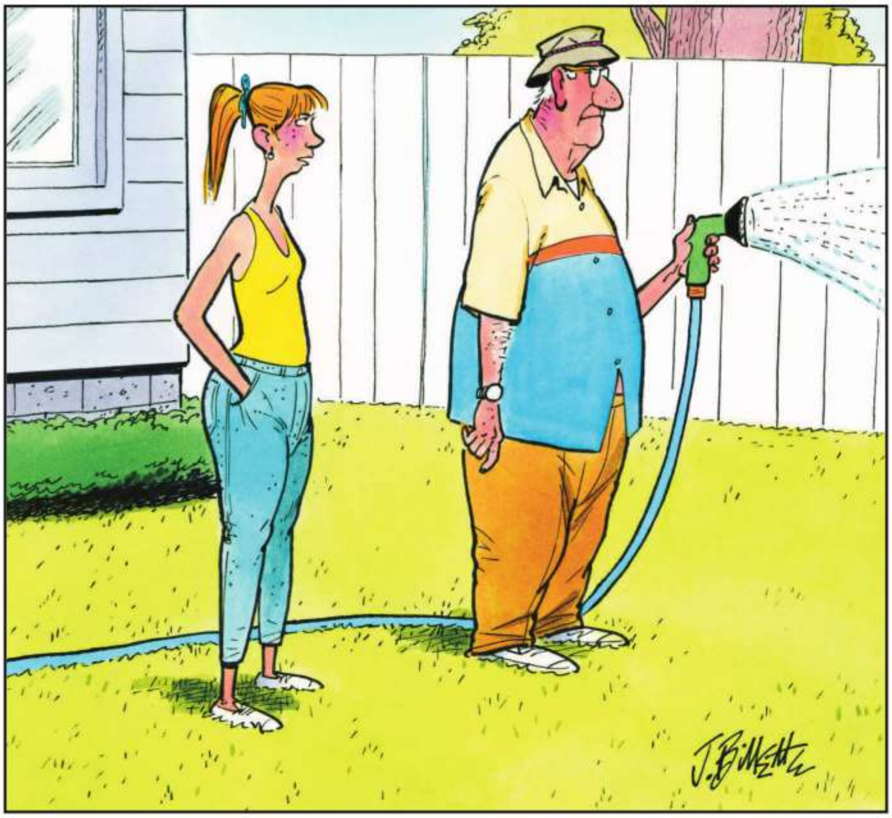
We should be grateful that Edward Snowden recently exposed the NSA's un-American spying on us. But back in the 1970s Senator Frank Church (D-Idaho) headed a committee investigating illegal intelligence-gathering by the NSA, FBI and CIA. His findings were soon forgotten by the media and everyone else.

The NSA, which put Church on a watch list, once again has attracted lawmakers' attention—to no avail.

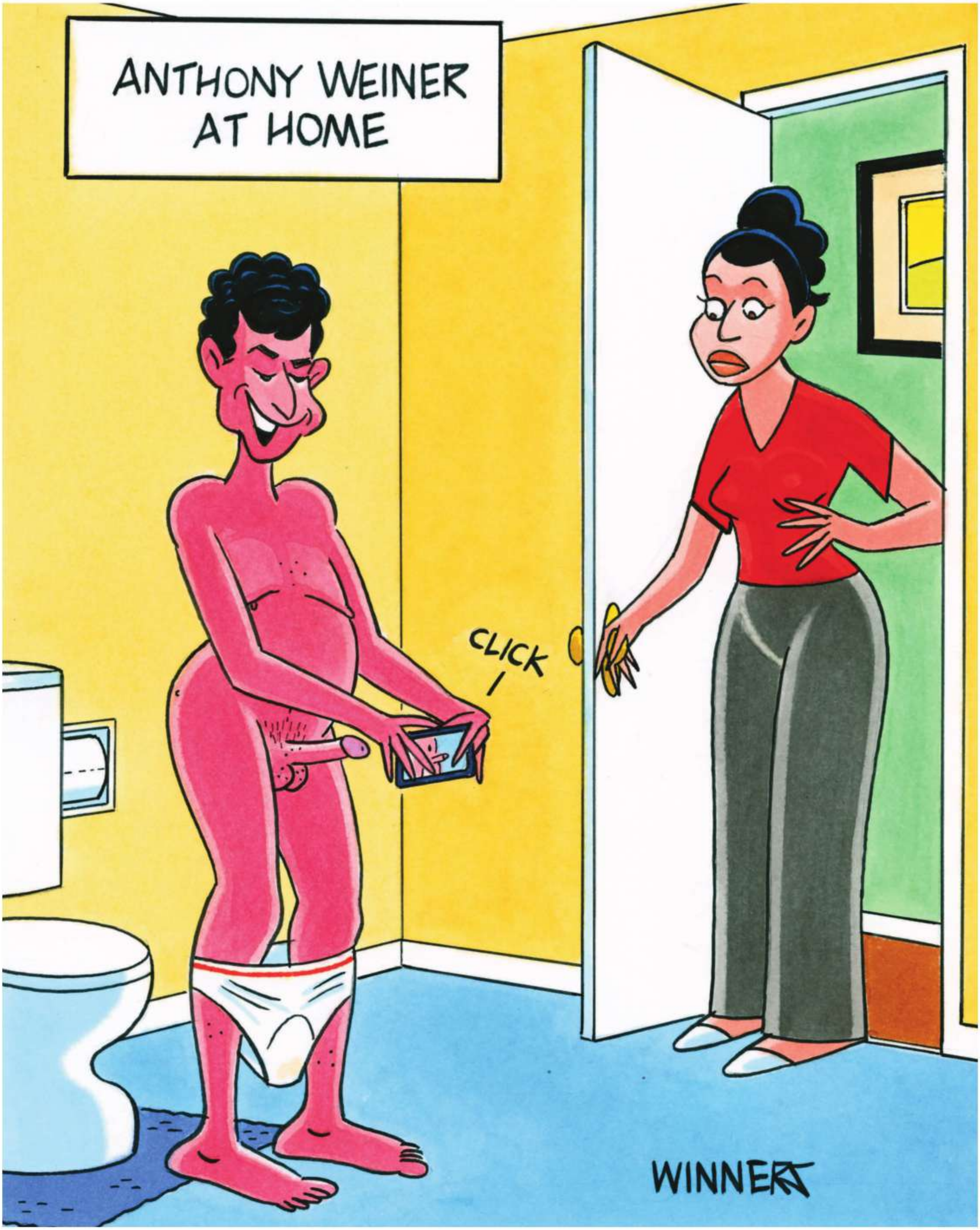
Glenn Greenwald, who helped leak Snowden's trove of classified documents, reported in the British newspaper *The Guardian*: "Members of Congress have been repeatedly thwarted when attempting to learn basic information about the National Security Agency (NSA) and the secret FISA [Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act] court which authorizes its activities."

Greenwald's sources—Morgan Griffith, a Virginia Republican, and Democrat Alan Grayson of Florida—"provided *The Guardian* with numerous letters and emails documenting their persistent, and unsuccessful, efforts to learn about NSA programs and relevant FISA court rulings." Greenwald emphasized that "members of Congress in general clearly know next to nothing about the NSA and the FISA court beyond what they read in the media, and those who try to rectify that are being actively blocked from finding out." **H**

Nat Hentoff, a senior fellow at the Cato Institute and Jazz Foundation of America board member, is a historian of the Constitution, syndicated columnist and jazz critic. His books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America* and *Living the Bill of Rights*.



"Let me get this straight, Grandpa: When they bomb us in our country, it's called terrorism. But when we invade countries, occupy them and kill thousands, that's counterterrorism?"


ANTHONY WEINER AT HOME
CLICK
WINNER

"You're right, honey. I need to check myself into rehab.
But first let me snap a few more pictures."

ELISABETH HASSELBECK

The list of people repulsive enough to get named Asshole of the Month three times is pretty fucking exclusive. So let's give the newest member of this pantheon of shame—virulent media terrorist Elisabeth Hasselbeck—a congratulatory extra dollop on her crap sandwich. The rectal floozy who recently migrated like a shit-seeking fly to Fox News' *Fox & Friends* first earned our stinky distinction seven years ago for regularly airing her idiocy on the all-femme bitchfest *The View*. Apparently inspired by the dishonor, she's gotten steadily more rank and insipid.

Always at the top of her list of spouting points: Obamacare. After the GOP's stillborn attempt to defund the Affordable Care Act, she imagined the President's marketing team saying, "We're gonna call it 'Obamacare.' Why? Well, everything [with] 'Obama' people liked not too long ago. Obama hats, Obama bibs, Obama shirts. We're gonna sell this too under 'Obamacare.' It's the worst nickname given to anything in the history of this nation."

As anyone even half-paying attention knows, Obamacare was actually the derogatory nickname opponents gave the ACA. It was so lame a putdown, even Obama decided to let it stick. Hasselbeck may be a bag of hammers, but we'd bet a week of blowjobs that she was well aware of her outright lies.

Not that anyone really gave a shit. If she had dribbled out diarrhea like that on *The View*, one of the other squawkers would have set her straight. But now safe within the bowels of Fox, Hasselbeck has quickly devolved into little more than aging eye candy for infantile right-wingers. She built her career on being the cold-blooded fascist in a roomful of bleeding hearts. Now she's just the perky bimbo in a camp of sexist bullies.

The first thing Hasselbeck did on *Fox & Friends* was give her male cohosts cups of coffee like a 1950s secretary. Soon after, they fondly recalled that her journalistic credentials amounted to running around half-naked on *Survivor*.

Fox is actually treating her more accurately than ABC ever did: as a B-level reality-TV star with less cred than the local weathergirl. She's there to giggle, agree and cross and uncross her legs as often as possible. As *The Atlantic*'s boob-tube critic pointed out, her more forced than usual smile likely betrays the dawning realization that she's made one whopper of a shitty career move.

As far as we're concerned, her new gig couldn't be more perfect. She and her nasal, nerve-sawing, teenage-girl voice are back in trash TV where they belong, preaching to the converted and the hopelessly unevolved. She may as well be dead, stuffed and mounted in the dinosaur wing of the local museum, where most of the Republican Party appears to be headed.

And to think that this tit-for-brains once made actual headlines by sparring with Rosie O'Donnell over whether or not the latter called American soldiers "terrorists." In her first week on *Fox & Friends*, Hasselbeck trotted out all of her latest dead horses—Obamacare, Benghazi, the Navy Yard shootings—all to big yawns. She must be craving a real catfight right about now.

In that spirit, let's take a look at some of Elisabeth's recent verbal craploads.

After an unhinged schizophrenic went on a shooting spree at the U.S. Navy Yard, Hasselbeck ignored the fact that a crazy motherfucker had easy access to high-powered weaponry. What did she think made the killer kill? The same video games played by millions of non-rampaging people of course. "Why aren't we looking at frequency of purchases per person," she squealed. "And also how often they're playing, and maybe they time-out after a certain hour."

Stop trying to form sentences, Elisabeth, just speak like you think: Gun control bad, game control good.

Hasselbeck remained loyal to her village-idiot logic in a commentary about welfare, which the right's dogma says encourages a society of deadbeats. Welfare recipients owning basic things like cellphones and TVs represents, in her words, "the ugly side of entitlements."

Let's face it, if welfare recipients didn't have TVs, she'd lose half her audience.

As part of her ongoing campaign against the apocalypse of grandma-raping gargoyles she calls "Obamascare," Elisabeth claims the ACA will "topple our entire society financially for the long haul." No, you're confused again, Bimbolina. That's what defaulting on the debt in an idiotic attempt to defund the law would have done! Better healthcare good, lack of basic economic education bad.

It takes more intestinal fortitude than the colon-challenged Hasselbeck will ever have to be a real journalist. You have to be able to digest actual information and possess the guts to question your own knee-jerk opinions. But with the critical-thinking skills of a constipated parrot and the looks of a celibate porn star, Hasselbeck wasn't destined to become anything other than a member of the right-wing's Aryan sisterhood, a gaggle of angry wannabe drag queens—the likes of Ann Coulter and Laura Ingraham—that make perfect stroke fodder for white male Republicans trying to keep their gay urges at bay.

Of course, that won't stop Hasselbeck from thinking people actually want her to have an opinion and making word salad out of it. Or maybe she just dreams of joining that most elite club of clubs: four-time Assholes of the Month! You can do it, Elisabeth. We know you can. Just keep exercising that fearsome weapon of verbal terrorism: your mouth. H

STREAKS & STRIPES

Wearing little more than sneakers, a horde of activists recently dashed through the London Zoo to raise funds and awareness for the endangered Sumatran tiger. The streakers—one for each of the 300 rare cats still remaining in the wild—earned 60,000 pounds (nearly $100,000) for the Zoological Society of London's work to protect the species. And do you know what a group of tigers is called? A streak! For more information or to see what you can do to help, go to **ZSL.org**.

PHOTO BY UK PRESS VIA GETTY IMAGES

PHOTO BY AFP/GETTY IMAGES

FUCKABLE FACULTY

The headmaster of a British private school caught some major crap for recommending that a XXX performer conduct sex-ed classes. He argued that a hardcore pro could help students learn the difference between porn and genuine intimacy. They'd also finally grasp the delicate distinction between a "Hot Carl" and a "Cleveland Steamer."

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

"Isn't an agnostic just an atheist without balls?" —*STEPHEN COLBERT, SATIRIST*

SHAKE IT, BABY!

Welcome to the 16th annual Exotic Dancer Awards Show—held where else but Sin City. For three days Vegas turned into one big pussy bar. Gawkers drank to excess, cheered on favorites and relished the stripper sweat spraying their faces. Erotic entertainers from around the world jiggled, snaked and writhed onstage and made it rain in the desert. Our very own HUSTLER Club in New York City scored Northeast Club of the Year!

CHELSEA LA VONE

TEAGAN PRESLEY

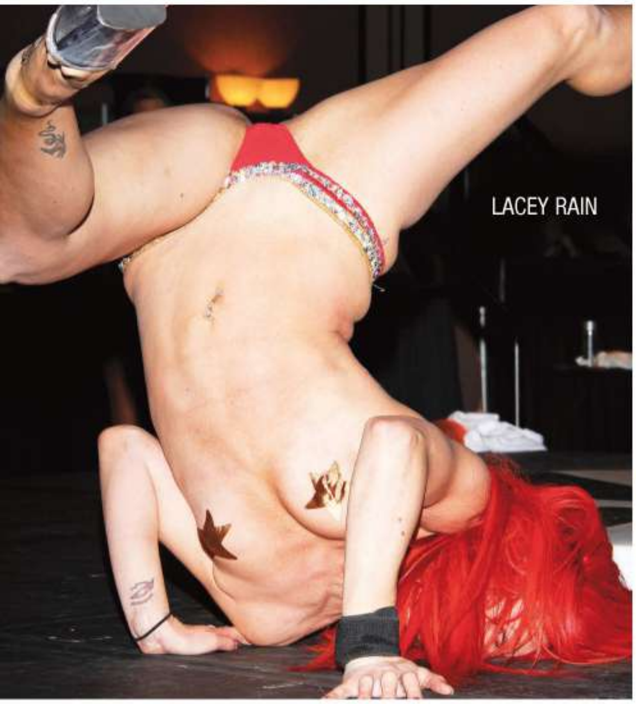
JADED DAWN

"My Social Security number is 8." —JOHN McCAIN, SENATOR

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

JESABELLA

JUSTICE, MISS POLE CHAMPION & MISS EXOTIC DANCER INTERNATIONAL



LACEY RAIN

ALEXIS TEXAS

"The difference between stupidity and genius is that genius has its limits." **—ALBERT EINSTEIN, PHYSICIST**

FEEDBACK

Bushwhackers

In the December '13 issue *Feedback*, I was *very, very* pleased to read that this iconic magazine will always feature both clean-shaven pussies and—my own personal favorite—hairy pussies! Look, I mean I liked Zaley Zane's beautiful clean-shaved pussy [*Fits Right In*, December '13], and *Beaver Hunt* beauty Clover [November '13] had a very immaculate and well-kept pussy. But now I'd like to say that I personally like a gorgeous girl with a hairy pussy! For example, Tiffany in the July '13 *Beaver Hunt* section. Her pussy really looks good, and I really like all the hair on it! That to me is such a turn-on!

Last but not least, if you've ever seen porn star Raylene, then you'll know why I love girls with all bush! She proves why a hairy pussy is my favorite. Check her out in HUSTLER's *Don't Trim That Bush*! Thank you so much, HUSTLER Magazine, for giving those of us who love bush what we want! I love to bury my face in hairy pussy! I'm a loyal bush and HUSTLER supporter!

—Larry Weller Jr.
Narvon, Pennsylvania

I just wanted to weigh in with my opinion: hairy muffs. After all, you can't have a furburger without the fur. I love your mag, especially *Beaver Hunt*. I have been a subscriber for a few years now and plan to continue renewing it.

—Chris Canestrino
Stockton, California

Readers, keep the debate going. What do you like—natural or shaved down there?

Beaver Hunt *cutie Tiffany answers the timeless question "Muff or not to muff?"*

Handless Job

Three cheers to photographer Chase Diamond! Finally a complete layout without any hands on the crotch shots: Tiffany Miller [*Sweet Discovery*, September '13]. Great job!

—Todd Flaten
Park River, North Dakota

Special Delivery

Maybe I'm just being paranoid, but why can't you print address labels with a clear number 9 as opposed to printing a number that looks more like a number 8? I think we all know the USPS sucks, and the employees who put mail in P.O. boxes screw up enough as it is, since they're likely half-asleep or something. I'll admit when I just glance at the number, it looks like an 8, and I'm wide-awake and sober. Just give me a 9 and swing her leg wide open and show a large gap. It would be greatly appreciated. Thanks.

—Todd O.
Aberdeen, South Dakota

Thanks for pointing this out, Todd. Are you sure you're not drunk?

Porn Prayer

It's truly an honor to be writing to the hivemind of the greatest company in the adult-film industry. I admire your lascivious erectivity and the apparently insatiable hunger that drives it. You have made an art out of the same sex that most mortals can't get past as an impulse or a filthy obsession.

Larry Flynt, I salute you. I would love to somehow be a part of your army. I have the advantage of already bearing the permanent stain of being a federal sex delinquent, and there's no way in hell that I'll just bow my head and live cloaked behind society's shadows as some sort of perverse outcast freak. There must be some way I can be of use to the hydra you control.

Not only do I love everything about sex, I also have nothing to lose. Dignity and decency started to exit the stage long before my arrest. So fuck it. Let's have fun with this obligated ostracization. Go ahead and metamorphose me a poster boy for primal passions, a dirty deity of the antimoral machinations that most human hearts don't have the balls to manifest.

I dream of the day when even the prosecutor and the judge who sentenced me masturbate to the delicious damnations I create. I have faith that they'll even buy the triple-motor vibrator that will be named after me and shove it up their asses as they come.

One day not too far away, I'll be released in the form of a pent-up, frustrated fuck beast ready to ruin all the lovely ladies in all the most absolutely deliciously dirty ways. So please feel free to tell me how I can serve your purpose.

—Manuel Fernandez
Yazoo City, Mississippi

WTF of the Month

We get a lot of crazy letters. Here's one of our favorites.

Watertown, Wisconsin, where Michelle Obama went to promote water, is full of assholes. A Don B. slaved me and fired me. A Karen R. struts half-naked and called cops on me. The cop, Rick, is an asshole. Neighbor Gary R. called me a smartass. Cops let a Frank S. steal my farm. Newscasters hate Bears fans. Black prisoners robbed me through the mail. A red Camaro stalked me. "Friends" stole my art. Teachers wasted our time with petitions. Now my mom is dead. Doctors are thieves.

—Ted Verges
Johnson Creek, Wisconsin

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

HUSTLER
PERSONALS

Stop wasting time and cash in bars

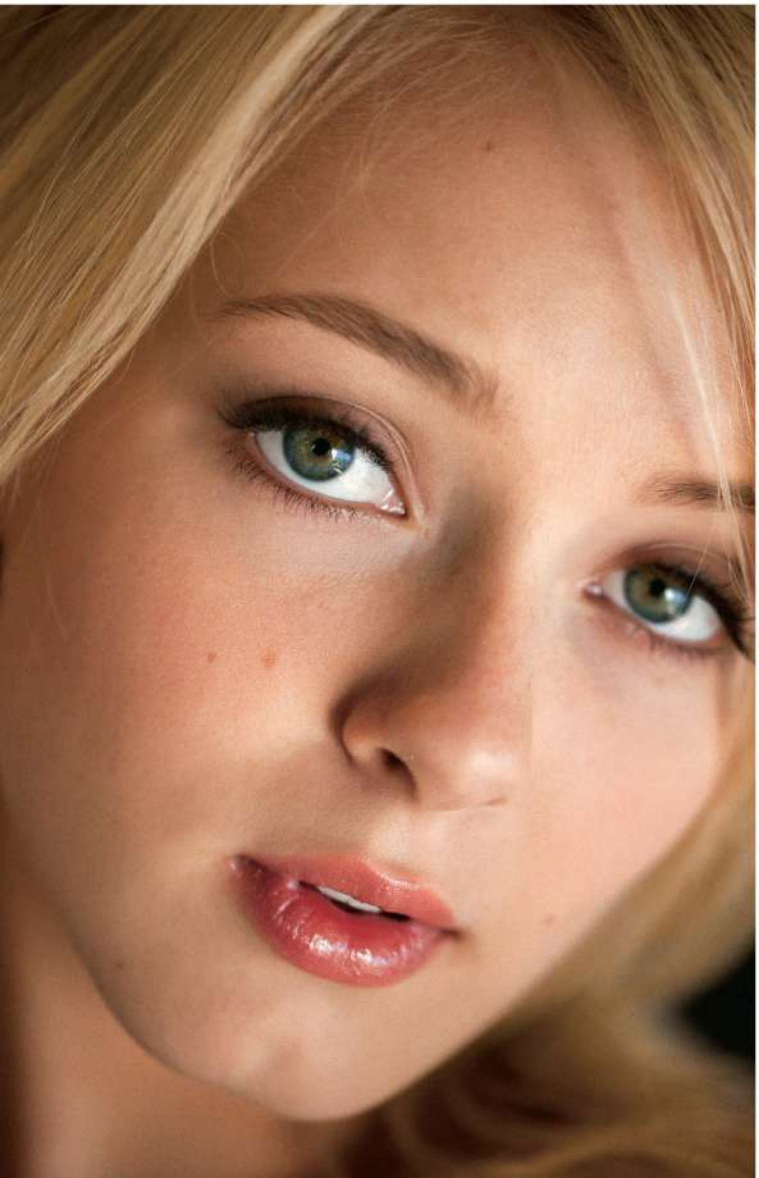
Start Chatting

We've found really great, cute girls who just want the same thing you do... **TO HAVE A GOOD TIME.**

Chat With
REAL GIRLS NOW
right in your area

COME INSIDE
Its time to make things Personal.

Elle
818-3?4-23??



KENZE
THOMAS

BEDSIDE MANNER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

Right now organic chemistry is kicking my butt—I'm a kinesiology major, and I'm gonna be a doctor." This Midwest medic is modeling her way through school, studying the science of movement in the classroom and bedroom. "I like guys who aren't afraid to say what they want," **Kenze Thomas** insists. "Who tell me their favorite things, best positions. It shouldn't be about me all the time!"

KENZE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Palatine, Illinois** | AGE: **19** | HEIGHT: **5-4**
MEASUREMENTS: **34-25-34** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Depends on My Mood**

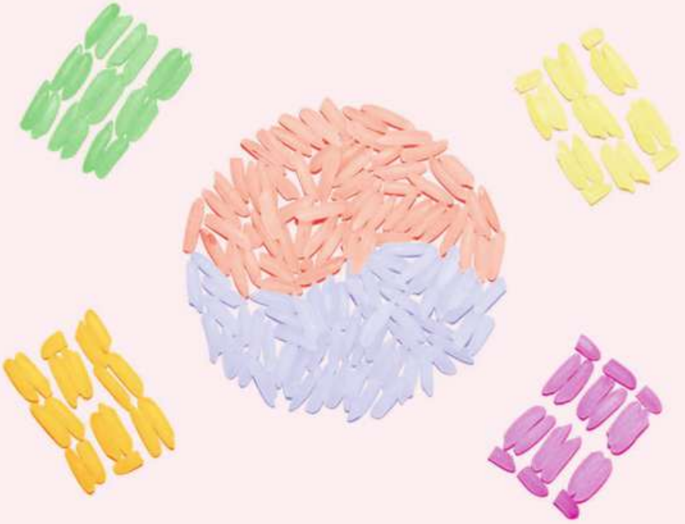
Down 'N' Dirty Diva

Margaret Cho doesn't give a shit. She says what she thinks and means what she says, and fuck you to anyone who has a problem with that. The *Drop Dead Diva* star just wrapped her critically acclaimed *Mother* tour, has a new *Monsters of Talk* podcast with comedian Jim Short and is working on a new album. We caught up with the filthy funny lady to gab about how she juggles both men and women, why people won't stop peeing on her and John Travolta's chapped asshole.

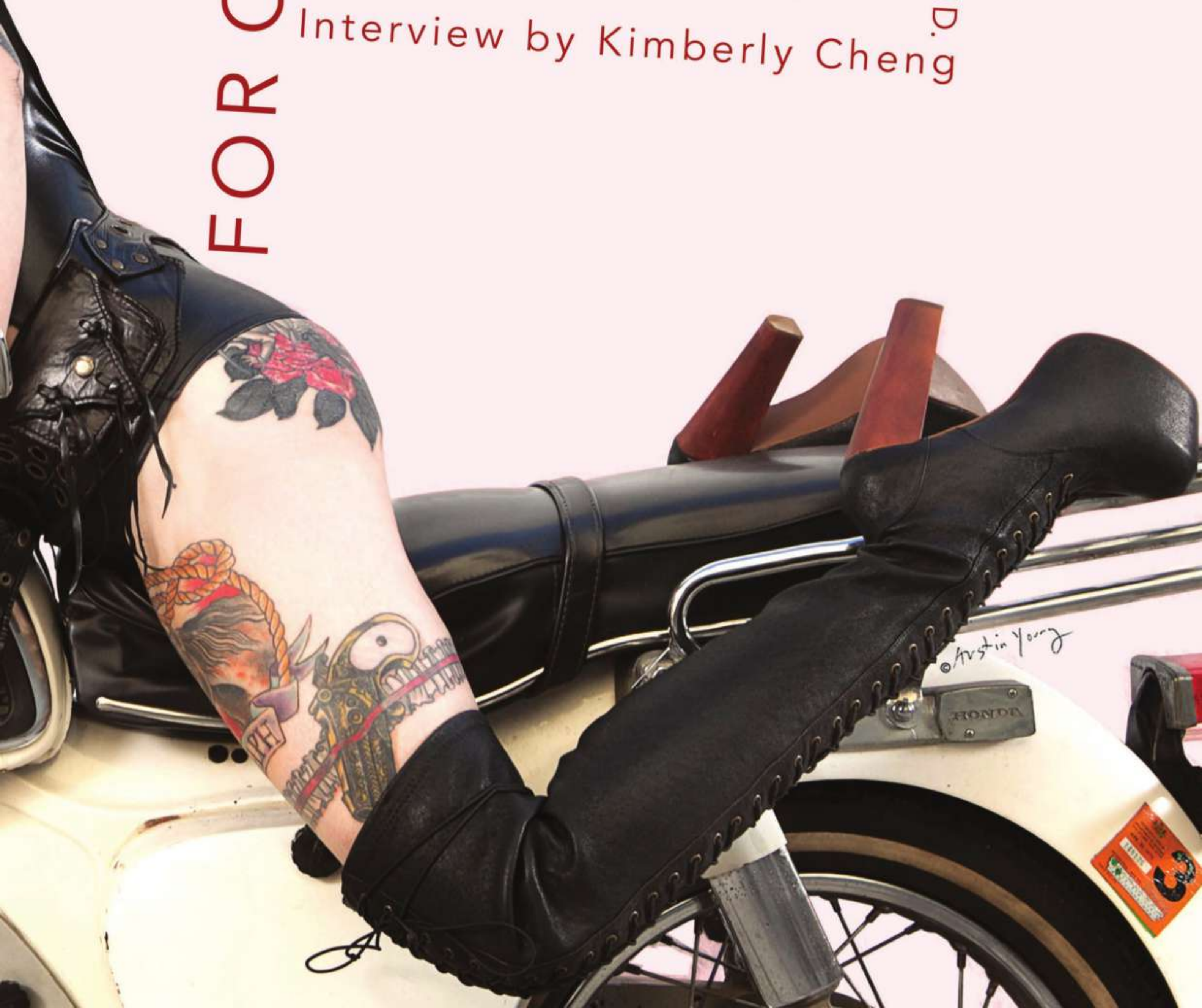
HUSTLER: When did you come out as bisexual?

MARGARET CHO: I think I've been openly bisexual my whole life. When I was younger, I identified more as a lesbian, and certainly in the coming-out process, which was really early on, I identified more as gay. I realized later I actually had a lot of attraction to men, and I had a lot of great relationships with men that I couldn't deny. I felt oddly in the closet within the gay community because I was bisexual. >>

FOR COMEDIAN MARGARET CHO, NOTHING IS SACRED.



Interview by Kimberly Cheng



©Austin Young

Now I feel much more like, okay, this is closer to my truth. Although bisexuality doesn't really exactly cover it either because I'm attracted to and have relationships with transgendered people who don't define as either male or female. I don't think that there are only two distinct places in the gender spectrum. There's a lot of different places we can be.

Did you get a lot of shit from the gay community?

No, but if you're bisexual, they think that you're not really out or that you're somehow not really in. And then it's kind of weird because women are often accepted much more in bisexuality than men. Even though there's a *B* [in LGBT, for Lesbian Gay Bisexual and Transgender], it's often quite a silent faction. I want to honor who I am truly, but I think *queer* is probably the more socially acceptable term for everything. Male bisexuals have a stigma that they're not exactly out. I don't think that's fair because I've known and been with quite a few male bisexuals. Oftentimes they just identify as straight because it's too hard. They feel really disconnected and shunned.

You've been married to artist Al Ridenour since 2003. Is your relationship conservative?

Well, no. It is conservative in a way in that when we're together, we're married. He's my partner, and I will be with him forever. But we're not physically together all the time. There are big gaps in our journey when we don't live together, where we don't see each other, and that's where I have other relationships. I have several long-term relationships that are all essentially marriages, and they're all like ten years plus.

These relationships are with both men and women?

Yes.

How many are you currently in right now?

(*Sighs.*) Oh, I don't know. Maybe about seven, I mean, that are sort of rotating.

PHOTO BY AUSTIN YOUNG

In different cities?

Yes. Lots of hos in all area codes. It's just the way that I think is right for me. I don't know if it's right for everyone. People really get confused by it. Like, "How can you do that?" But I don't know if you can really possess a person. We all have our own way of defining relationships. The people that I love I've loved forever and will continue to. I'll discover more and grow more, but polyamory, for me, is the right way to live and love.

Does your husband live the same lifestyle?

Yes.

Don't ask, don't tell?

No, we talk about it, but it's the same.

Is sex better with men or women?

I don't think it's better or worse. It's different. With men it's more finite. With men there's sort of the definition of "This is the sexual act, and it's happening now, and now is the beginning, middle, end." With women it's definitely more of a circular thing. It can sort of have a break. There's not a lot of breaks with guys.

You outed John Travolta and got a lot of shit for it.

I think that people are confusing the idea of outing in general and using the term as a hypothetical thing like, "What if you outed somebody that was in danger of being bullied?" And that's not what I'm talking about. What I'm talking about is a very big star who had a lot of rumors about him. People have talked about him for years being gay. It's speculating on that information and sharing what I know because I know him. I don't think John Travolta is in danger.

He's also continually involved in these lawsuits where he's accused of sexually harassing men, and I'm just talking about that. People are confusing the issue, like, "Are you saying it's okay to out people?" No. I'm saying that he's fucking gay, and he is totally doing all of this stuff that is hilarious to me. I'm just saying, wouldn't it be great if people that were not out but were super famous like him or Liberace were out? Like Paul Lynde or somebody like that. It would give so much comfort to people who could not be out.

The controversy isn't really about anything that I'm doing. It's taking the hypothetical nature of the concept of outing and applying it to other situations. I'm not discussing that. I'm talking about this one queen who's untouchable, who's not harmed at all by me talking about his red chapped asshole.

Have you heard from him?

No. I don't think he's even seen it. He doesn't give a shit. Being around him is like the closest I've ever been to being in the presence of royalty because the way that he lives his life is so beyond anything we could understand or I could understand. And I think that if he did see it, he would laugh because he has a very good sense of humor about himself. Quite a ribald, rowdy and raunchy sense of humor. And I don't really care. To me I'm just a comedian. I think this is really funny.

Would you be okay with your husband fucking John Travolta?

I don't think that's his type, but that would be fine. I think I would want him to use lube because his asshole's really chapped.

Any crazy sex stories?

I've done some stupid things, like dumb things, crazy, multiple-person crowd scenes, insane Roman-style bacchanalia. That kind of crazy stuff that doesn't even exist. It's not even real because when you're there and you're in it, you're like, "Why am I doing this?" I would just be like, "I've got to go home. I'm sick of this." And I'd be like, "I have to pee" the whole time. All I could think about in anything like that is that I have to pee, and then somebody would be like, "Pee on me." And I'm like, "No, I've got to go."

PHOTO BY DAVID C. LEE FOR ASIANCE

I'VE DONE SOME STUPID THINGS, LIKE DUMB THINGS, CRAZY, MULTIPLE-PERSON CROWD SCENES, INSANE ROMAN-STYLE BACCHANALIA. THAT KIND OF CRAZY STUFF THAT DOESN'T EVEN EXIST.

PHOTO BY LINDSEY BYRNES

Ever been peed on?

Oh, all the time. I don't know why people want to pee on me all the time, and I'm like, "All right." Because I don't get anything out of it and I don't care. I don't even think it's dirty. Urine is sterile. I don't feel a sense of sexual anything about it.

Other way around?

I get pee shy. And then I push and push to pee, and then I fart. It's so embarrassing.

Is that the freakiest thing you've done?

I guess. I mean, I've done freaky weird things that don't even apply. I've let people set me on fire. My back and my legs. They do it with antibacterial gel. People should not try this. It's really dangerous. Or cutting or hanging.

Any injuries from that stuff?

No. But I've also tried play-piercing. I hate that shit. I'm like, "Fuck you! You totally cut me. You told me you were going to prick me with a pin." I haven't done the incredible crazy hanging stuff, from the back muscles. You know, back hooks? But I've done suspension stuff. To me it's so stupid. I get it because all of my friends do that kind of stuff, and I know a lot of people in that community. They're all wonderful and lovely, but I just don't get excited by anything like that. But I guess it's okay to go see it as spectacle and entertainment.

What does a guy or girl have to do to bang you? Do they have to be funny?

It helps, but that's not really it, although many of them are. It really has to do with a connection that is beyond anything we can speak about.

What turns you on?

I think it's different with everybody but just intimacy, emotional closeness, honesty, joy, shared memories. I like romantic things. I like holding hands, going to dinner. I like candlelight stuff, fancy food, champagne. I like really vanilla kinds of things. >>

PHOTO BY MISSMISSYPHOTOGRAPHY.NET

> I GET PEE SHY. AND THEN I PUSH AND PUSH TO PEE, AND THEN I FART. IT'S SO EMBARRASSING.

PHOTO BY AUSTIN YOUNG

Does comedy make you wet?

Yes.

Are there comedians whose material is so good, it makes you want to fuck them?

Yes, and I have. A lot of them. And then I realize there's nothing behind it. In general I don't do it anymore. There are some, but it just depends. Sometimes it's like, comedians, you fall in love with them, and then you go and fuck them, and it's horrible. It's rock stars too. You believe the fantasy of what they project, and then you go and do something, and it's a horrible thing.

How is your sex drive now compared to when you first hit the scene in the '90s?

It's virtually nonexistent. Now I'm in my mid-40s. I think I need hormone-replacement therapy because I really don't give a shit. I mean, it's like I can't believe how much I don't give a shit. That's the problem.

You lost a lot of weight. Was sex better when you were thicker?

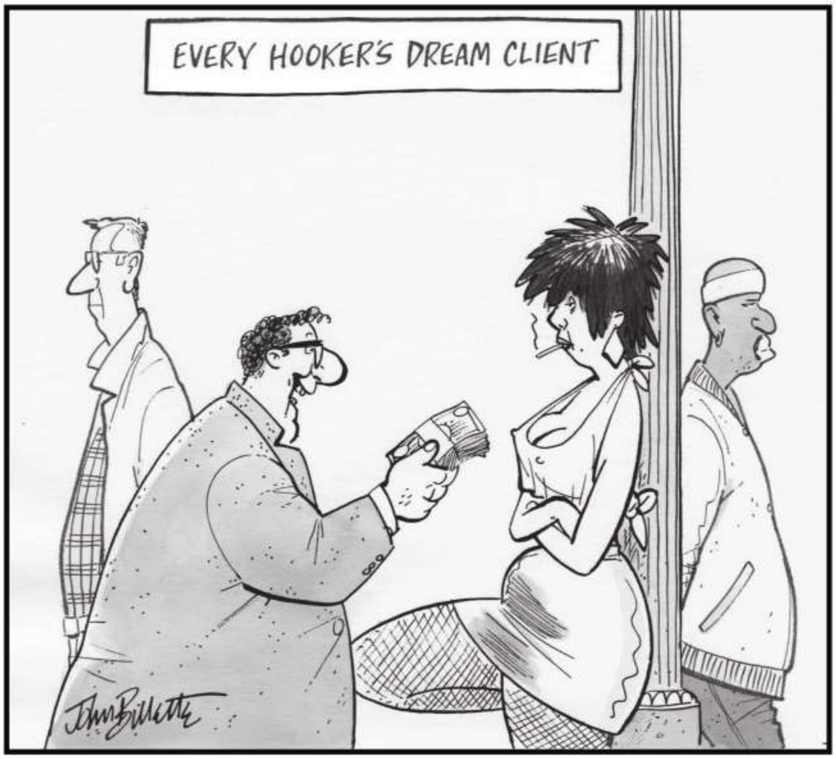
It was just better when I was younger. I think it has nothing to do with my weight. I think I just had more hormones then as opposed to now. Now I don't really have any drive. I hardly jerk off.

We can send you some HUSTLER toys.

Sure! Because I just don't care. I think that's a sincere sign that something's shifting, because I used to do it every day. I've had sex. I've had a lot of orgasms. But I have not actually jerked off this year.

Were you happier when you were younger?

I think I was unhappier when I was younger only because the eternal state of youth is dissatisfaction. When I was younger, I used to really work out, and I used to really watch my diet. Now I actually have no awareness, which is bad because my health is probably at some point going to be at risk. I won't eat for long periods of time or I will overeat. I won't exercise for long periods of time, and then I'll overexercise. There's never a balance right now. I feel sexier now, but I don't feel like having sex. It's a little confusing.



"Hi there! Here's $500! I hope it's okay that I have a tiny penis and I always ejaculate in under ten seconds!"

Would you ever be a HUSTLER Honey?

I've posed naked, but I don't know how sexualized I can be. I would have to feel super sexy to want to do it. The nudity that I do is more for an art purpose, but it's never for sexual intent. It's more just that I want to show, "Okay, my body is like this. I'm 44, this is what I look like, and I have not had plastic surgery, and I don't diet or anything or normally exercise." I've done some pinup shots, but I never felt entirely comfortable in that role.

How many tattoos do you have?

Probably 70. Just broken all into separate pictures. I can't get any more. I have to finish all of the stuff that I've started, which is a lot. I have all my body parts sort of designated to different artists, so it's like a public art project for all of these different people. My back is completely covered. My butt, my arms and legs—except up to the elbow. Every part of my body that is not generally visible under clothing is tattooed completely.

Vagina too?

Well, almost to the top and then not in the hairy parts. It's a very large peony, which is my Korean name, Moran—the name of that flower in Korean.

Are you offended by anything?

No. I mean, it just depends. Comedy has such a noble effort attached. The intention is to make people feel good and laugh. It's always divine. And even if it's a horrible joke, even if it's hideous and you're horribly grossed out by the subject matter, whatever it might be, it's still a noble act.

What about the Boston bombings or Newtown?

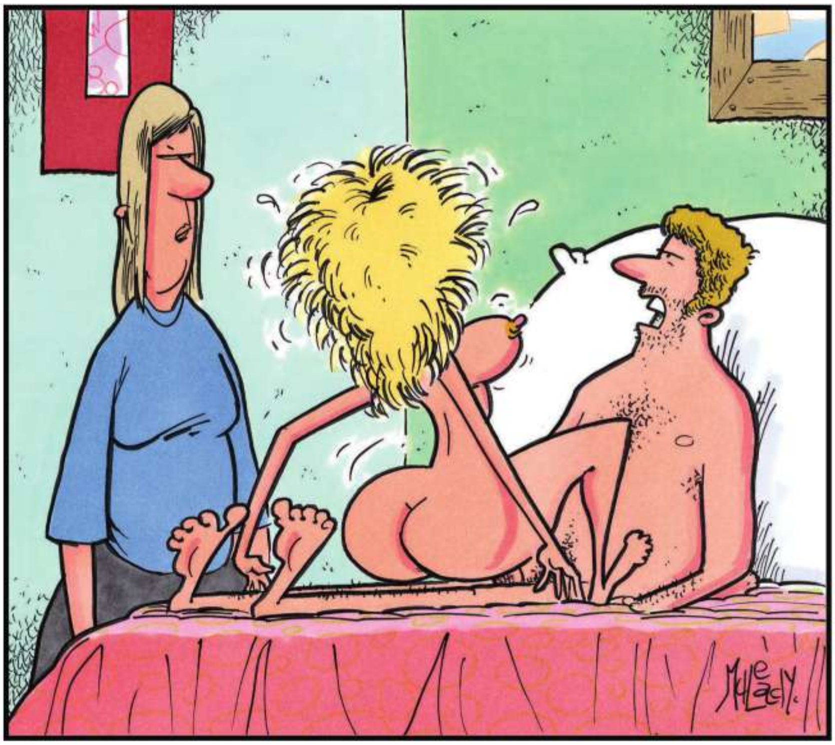
Actually, jokes like that are really important because they alleviate the pain of the moment. It's always life-affirming. People get really angry about stuff like that, but truthfully the intent behind it is always to bring joy and light to something that is very dark.

Is there anything you won't joke about?

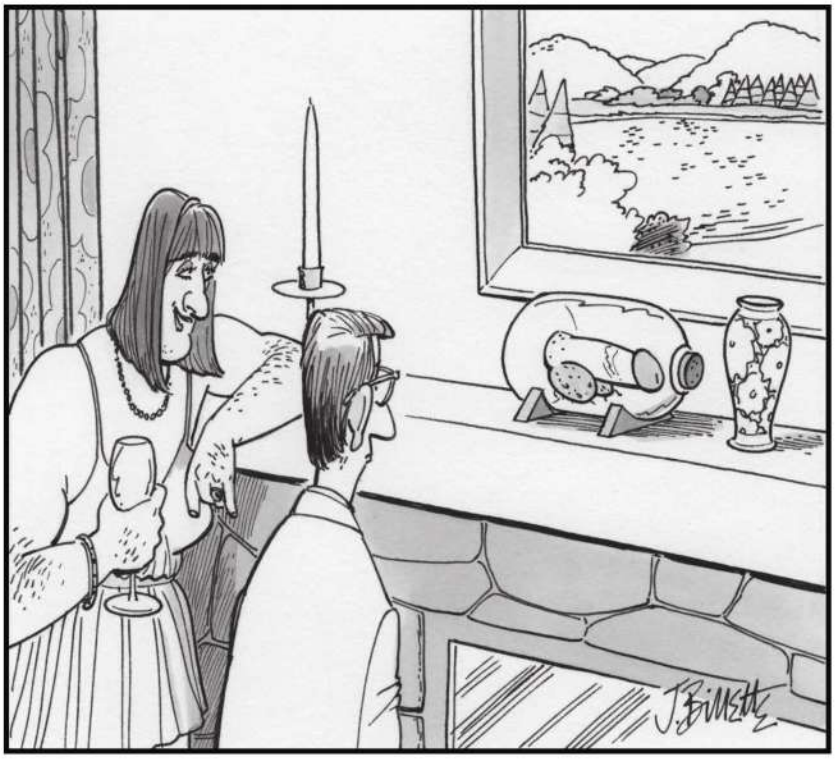
I haven't come across it yet.

For more, check out **MargaretCho.com**.

PHOTO BY MISSMISSYPHOTOGRAPHY.NET



"I know we both agreed to practice abstinence, and I am. But just with you."



"Oh, that was my package before I went from being Carl to Carol."

CONNIE CARTER

IRRESISTIBLE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS

It's been over three years since we popped **Connie**'s cherry. She stunned as a photo virgin in our June '10 issue. When her latest photos came across our desk, we couldn't resist. Here's the leggy Czech beauty once again. Is it just us, or does she look even hotter this time?

Last we talked to **Connie**, oral sex and eating topped her favorites, but her new passion is teasing: "I love to watch a man's eyes when I strip naked, slowly revealing every inch."

CONNIE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Uherské Hradiště, Czech Republic** | AGE: **24** | HEIGHT: **5-10**
MEASUREMENTS: **36-27-38** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Standing**

OPERATION
ACROBAT

Assaulting
Next Stop
IT KILLS NEW YORKERS TO WA
EVERY 15 HOURS A NEW YORKER DIES WAITI

STOYA DOES THE SUBWAY

STORY AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY NATE "IGOR" SMITH

IT'S ONE THING TO FLASH YOUR TITS AND TAKE A FEW PICTURES. BUT TO CARRY OUT A GUTSY TOPLESS SHOOT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT ON A MOVING NEW YORK SUBWAY CAR, YOU BETTER HAVE A PLAN.

Hardcore star Stoya rules the Internet. In her insanely popular blog and columns for *Vice* magazine she talks openly about sex and porn and makes serious efforts to educate people about both. Fans have flooded the web with gifs of her and her not-so-secret boyfriend James Deen having sex. There are blogs that obsess over everything she does; her Instagram has 30,000 followers despite her almost exclusively posting photos of her cat; and every time I upload a picture of her on Tumblr, it gets hundreds of comments.

The first time I met Stoya, she had just become a Digital Playground contract star. I remember thinking how cool it was that a girl who came out of the "alt porn" world had made it to the mainstream. Stoya was smart, interesting and funny. And she looked nothing like your stereotypical porn star. We ate food in a hotel lobby after the first Exxxotica Expo in New Jersey and talked about doing a photo-shoot in a taxicab. She liked my raw aesthetic and my public nude work. I liked pretty much everything about her. Over the years we became friends. After she moved to a place a few subway stops away from me in Brooklyn, we had more dinners. But other than a few photos here and there, we never did a real shoot.

I desperately wanted to rectify that, but she happens to be one of the busiest people I know. Between traveling to L.A. for work and her writing career, Stoya has also managed to become a professional acrobat, performing aerial stunts on a hoop suspended high above the ground. She appears regularly at The Box, an exclusive nightclub on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. That gig recently landed her on the cover of the *Village Voice*.

Fortunately for me, Stoya saw a photo I took of a naked girl swinging on the bars of a subway train. It was pretty much just a late-night drunken dare that I ended up documenting. Stoya had a better idea. With her acrobatic skills we could beat the quick, spur-of-the-moment thing I had done with my friend. This wasn't going to be the taxicab shoot we planned years ago. It was going to be better. >>

Next S
Myrtle Av-Bway

THE NEXT STOP IS

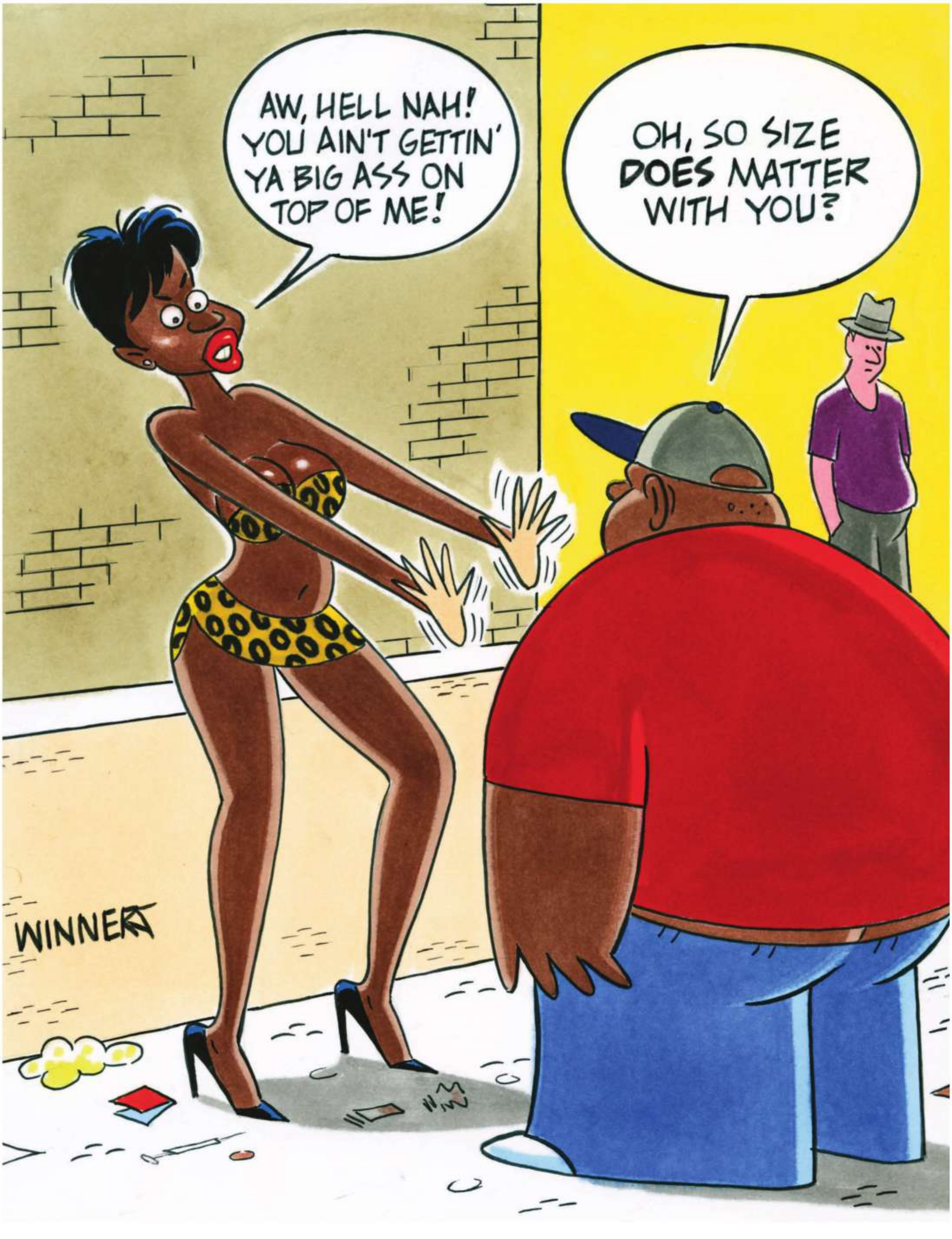
museum in your pocket.
GRAND CENTRAL
MOVING US FOR 100 YEARS
R4
THE NEXT STOP IS

Late one Tuesday night I showed up at Stoya's place. As she got ready, I had to take some photos. She looked so adorable smoking in her kitchen and brushing her teeth as we talked over our plan. The idea was to get on the M train around three in the morning and take it into the city from Brooklyn. The trip over the East River would give us seven minutes of uninterrupted shoot time. The problem was trying to find an empty train. Traffic would be light at 3 a.m. on a Tuesday; still we'd have to be careful. Even though toplessness is technically legal in New York State, the police have been known to bust bare-breasted women without actual cause.

Luckily for us, there was some maintenance being done on the track a few stops before the Williamsburg Bridge. That gave us an opportunity to take a shuttle train in a relatively low-traffic area of Brooklyn. We made three trips back and forth, and only once did we have any other passengers in our car.

It would have been relatively smooth sailing from there, but Stoya quickly realized that the jerkiness of the train was throwing off her acrobatic timing. She wasn't able to do all the tricks she wanted to do, but I certainly didn't mind and snapped away as she hung upside down. We created some amazing images in a moving New York City subway car.

Stoya made it back to her place around four in the morning, just in time for a quick nap. She had to be up a few hours later for one of the most famous photographers in the world. As I rode the M train back home, I looked at the images on my camera, thinking that as great as her session would be the next day, none of the shots would compare to the ones I got. It took me years to get my photo-shoot with Stoya, but it was well worth the wait.


AW, HELL NAH! YOU AIN'T GETTIN' YA BIG ASS ON TOP OF ME!
OH, SO SIZE **DOES** MATTER WITH YOU?
WINNER

JESSI JUNE

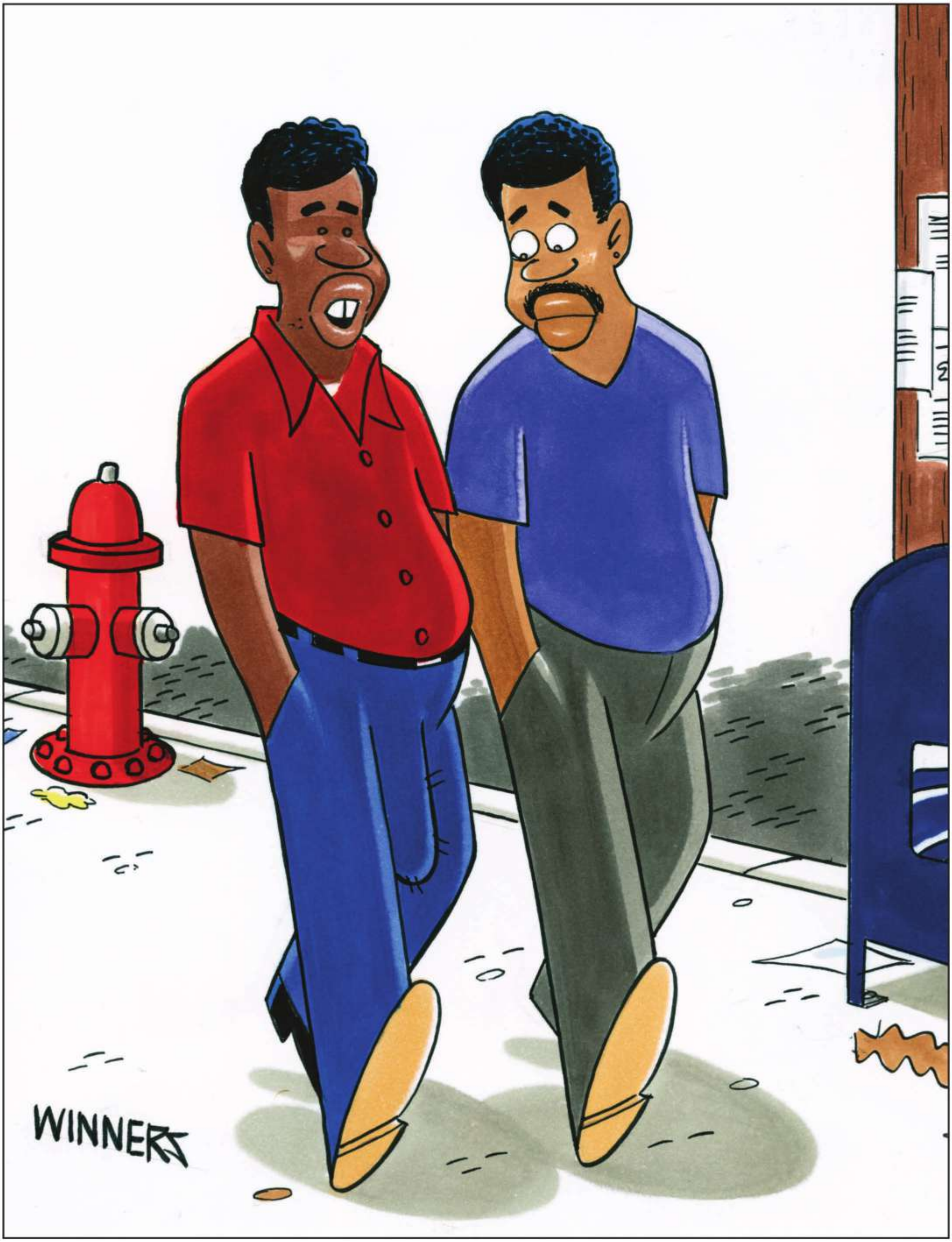
SEX DRIVE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

No one believes it until they see my ID, but **Jessi June** is my real name! At 18 I told myself that if I'm going to do porn, I'm going to own it." The barely legal started driving across the U.S., modeling nonstop, and she hasn't slowed down yet: "I once had sex while speeding down I-95 in Miami at 75 mph. It was amazing!" Though she's lived many of her fantasies, **Jessi** admits, "There's one I still have: a big ol' naked orgy of HUSTLER Honeys with me in the middle."

JESSI'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Miami, Florida** | AGE: **22**
HEIGHT: **5-5** | MEASUREMENTS: **34-25-36**
FAVORITE POSITIONS: **Doggy or Missionary**
TWITTER: **@JessiJuneInc**
WEBSITE: **Plus.Google.com/+JessiJune**



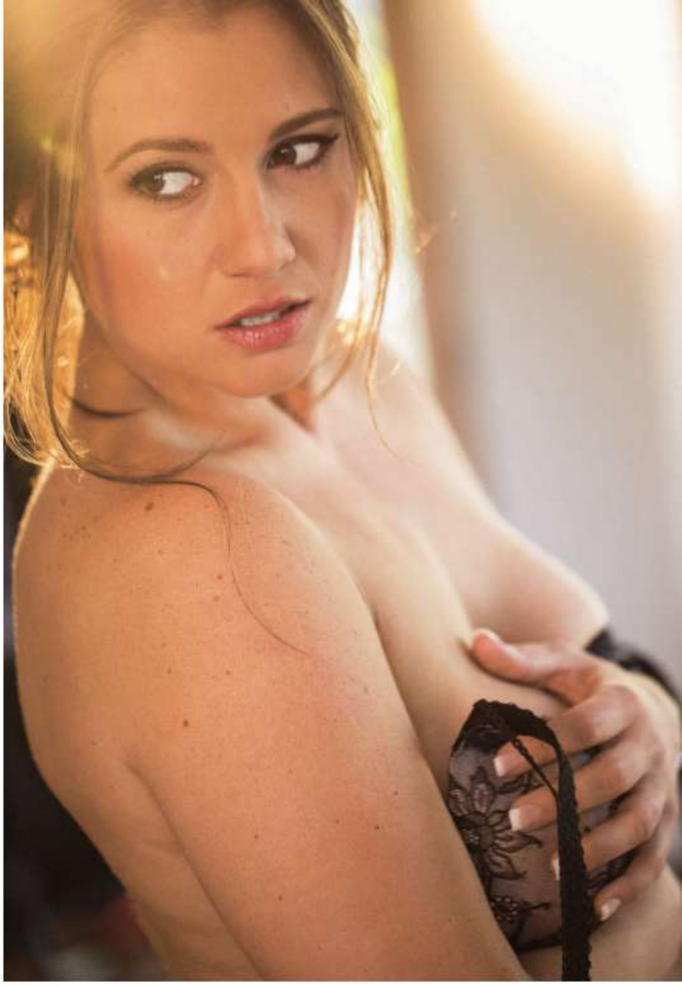
"...and then she said, 'I've had about as much of you as I can take.
I'm gonna find me a man with a smaller dick'!"

Chat With
REAL GIRLS
NOW in your area
Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?
HUSTLER
PERSONALS
WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU
You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.
Come inside and get PERSONAL
START CHATTING NOW
PEAK INSIDE

VICTORIA JAMES

MISS BEAUTIFUL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM
INTERVIEW BY MARK JOHNSON



Schoolteacher Fired by Local Prudes!" It's a regular news item these days. But the story of Olivia Sprauer aka Victoria James represents a new level of sexophobia. She hadn't sexted anybody or been in porn. She was just trying to make ends meet by moonlighting as a swimsuit model. Now the former English teacher, booted out of Florida's Martin County High School, bids a full-frontal farewell to her past and indulges her inner Lolita.

HUSTLER: How did the school find out you were a model?

VICTORIA JAMES: I had already resigned and planned to model full-time. I was disheartened by the education system. I don't like teaching students for a test; I don't think it teaches them anything. The day I turned in my resignation letter, I felt very liberated. I linked my model pages with my personal social media. I said, "Fuck it. There are only four weeks left in the school year. I'm not ashamed of what I do. The pictures I've taken are beautiful."

Monday morning I started teaching. One of the deans came in and said, "What are you doing here? You're supposed to be in the principal's office." When I got there, the principal said something like, "Do you have any modeling photos on the Internet?" I said, "Yes." He pulled up a photo. "Like this one?" I could tell it was embedded in an email. I said, "Yes."

And he said, "I don't have anything good to say, so I'm not going to say anything at all, but I need you to give me a new resignation letter effective >>

today. We can escort you back to your classroom to get your things, and you'll be escorted to your car." I worked there for two years and dealt with these children every day, but all of a sudden I needed to be escorted like I was some sort of criminal. When the vice-principal walked me out, she said, "It must be hard to have to leave everything." I said, "No, not really." In the back of my mind I wanted it to happen. I was actually relieved.

Did you think this is going to be great publicity?

Actually, no. The first interview I had afterwards I was like, "Who gives a fuck about this? I'm just some teacher in Florida who was a model." It blew my mind. I'm not saying I don't like it. It's been good for me. Ninety percent of things I read about myself were very supportive. A lot of the feedback was "I'm a teacher. I don't make any money. Good for you. You're gorgeous. Do your thing." Most people would have been just glad to have a job, but I wasn't okay with that. That's the entire reason I started modeling. I could make in a weekend what it took me two weeks to make as a teacher.

Do you think other teachers who get fired like you should fight for their jobs?

If the teaching profession right now was something worth fighting for, yes. If that's what you want to do with your life, then absolutely you should fight for it. That's just not me. Honestly, I think the best thing that you can do as an educator is not educate >>

because then maybe something will change. But as long as everybody's working for shit money, nothing's going to change.

Did you ever have sex with your students?

No. I would get students who would joke around and say, "Oh, Ms. Sprauer, you know if you were my age, you would totally want to go out with me." I said, "I'm not a pedophile. Dream on." They would say, "Oh hey, Miss Beautiful." That was my nickname. I handled it in a way that never let it get serious. But after everything happened, I had a student text me: "Hey, Ms. Sprauer. I just turned 18. Do you want to go party?" I'm like, "We will never be partying together because your mentality is still that of a child." I get men sleeping with high-school girls, but women sleeping with high-school boys? Really? They're not men yet.

What have you learned from this whole experience?

I've learned more than I could have ever foreseen. I feel like even though I'm intelligent, my body is still a commodity in a patriarchal society. As a woman you can gain power for yourself through the Achilles' heel of the power structure: sex. Sex will always sell. If you can gain power through your sexual person and it betters your life, then I think that is a new wave of feminism and a new way of looking at being a woman in the 21st century. If getting naked betters my life, that's a positive thing for me.

By power you mean money?

No. I haven't made a ton of money, but there are a lot more people who pay attention to me now, which ultimately, as a writer or whatever endeavor I want to do, gives me a public arena.

Is your sex life different now?

I have always been a very sexual person. Not necessarily promiscuous, but sexual in my nature and my aura. All this hasn't affected how I act in bed. Still, I didn't really feel comfortable shooting full nude at first. Everybody was like, "Ew, you're going to get into porn." Then a photographer I've worked with

a couple of times said, "Why do people like you now? Because you have sex appeal." I thought about it and that's me. I think about Kate Upton or Marilyn Monroe. They were sex icons, not porn stars, but people were drawn to their sexuality, their femininity. I'm never going to be vanilla, so I'm just going to be me. This is coming from someone who lost her virginity very early.

How early?

Thirteen. I had boob implants at 14.

Is that legal?

My mom signed for it. She said, "If you can convince the doctor, you can do it." And I did. Until I was about 16 I denied it and just said, "My boobs grew over the summer," but everybody knew. They were like, "They have to be fake!" When I was about 16, I was like, "Yes, they're fucking fake. All right? And they're nice. You wish you had these boobs. So big middle finger to you!"

What do your boyfriends think of all this?

The men I had in my life had a hard time with me modeling because they are very territorial. I'm now dating a woman, and she is completely supportive. She's just happy for me, proud of me, never jealous, and we have amazing sex.

You don't miss having a penis around?

Not yet.

Are you bisexual or just experimenting?

Yes, I'm bisexual. I had a girlfriend when I was 18 for a while. When I was dating men and was married, I always masturbated to lesbian porn. I'm very clitorally stimulated. The idea of a girl's tongue being there just blows my mind. You don't have to have a penis if you're good at that.

Girls do it better?

Eighty percent of the time, yes.

How can guys do it better?

Calm the fuck down. I want you to make love to that with your tongue. I don't need some lizard action going on. That's not sexy. Chill out. Enjoy it. When I moan, yes, keep doing that. If I push your head down closer, keep doing what you're doing, don't change it up.

Men get impatient.

Well, so do we when you're gagging us on your cock. If you're excited, we're going to keep doing it because then you're going to get off faster. I'm not going to stop and lick your balls. You'll be like, "No, wait! Hold on."

Why don't you become a sex-ed teacher?

I don't want to deal with anybody under 18 anymore. No, thank you.

Was teaching your life's dream?

Absolutely not. My life dream, my calling, has always been to be a writer. I always wanted to do a memoir, but I also thought, who gives a shit about my life? The writers that I love, like David Foster Wallace, they had some great social commentary to make. In the recent months I've felt like I have had experiences that would afford me that perspective.

Who are your favorite writers?

Thomas Pynchon. I love his *Gravity's Rainbow* and *The Crying of Lot 49*. They were my first intros into postmodern literature. David Foster Wallace, T.S. Eliot and Vladimir Nabokov. *Lolita* is my favorite novel. Wise writing.

If you were a character in a book, who would be writing it?

Oh, gosh, I think I have to do it. I have been Harvard-bound to homemaker to teacher to model to stripper. I've been through an abusive childhood. When I was growing up, people would say, "How is it that you're not addicted to all kinds of drugs and in some kind of rehab?" This was before I was even 18. I was always top of my class. Parents would tell me, "I wish my son or daughter was like you." After I got pregnant, I still wanted to finish my graduate degree, but my husband wasn't supportive of that. That was the breaking point.

You're living a postmodern life.

Yes. I think that's why I was naturally attracted to postmodernism, because I think a lot of things mean nothing, and a lot of nothing means something sometimes.

VICTORIA'S VITAL FACTS

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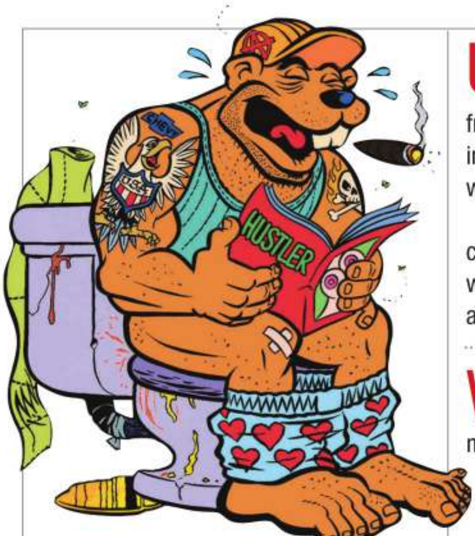


Dan arrived at the doctor's office only to discover that his new physician was a drop-dead gorgeous redhead. At first he was embarrassed, but the doctor soothed, "Don't worry. I'm a professional. I've seen it all before. Just tell me what's wrong, and I'll check it out."

So Dan quickly dropped his pants. "My wife says my penis tastes funny."

……

I just slept with a Brazilian," a brunette confided to her blond friend.

"Omigod!" the blonde gasped. "You slut! How many is a Brazilian?"

Question: What's worse than a male chauvinist?

Answer: A woman who won't do as she's told.

Maybel was filling out forms in the welfare office when the clerk asked how many children she had. "Ten boys," Maybel answered, "all of 'em named Bobby."

"Really?!" the clerk exclaimed.

"Yes, sir. That way, when I want 'em to come in for dinner, I just yell 'Bobby!'"

"But what if you just want one of them to do something?" asked the clerk.

Maybel smiled. "Then I call him by his last name."

……

As her mother was cooking dinner, little Amy blurted, "Mommy, you're getting so fat!"

"I guess I am," sighed her mother. "But remember, Mommy has a baby growing in her tummy."

"I know that," Amy said solemnly. "But what's growing in your ass?"

Upon arriving home from the golf course, Blake found a note from his wife on the fridge: "It's not working! I can't take it anymore! Gone to stay with my mother."

When Blake opened the fridge, the light came on, the beer was cold, and there was ice. "What the hell is she talking about?" he muttered.

……

When Andy reported for his first day of work at a supermarket, the manager immediately handed him a broom and said, "Welcome aboard. Your first job will be to sweep the floor."

"But I'm a college graduate!" Andy cried indignantly.

"Oh, I'm sorry," the manager grunted. "I didn't know that. Here, give me the broom. I'll show you how to use it."

Question: What's the best way to talk to your mother-in-law?

Answer: Through a medium.

Hungover and hurting bad, Mike bitched to Jim, "There's nothing worse than waking up with a sore head and less money than you thought you had."

Jim disagreed: "Could be worse. You could wake up with a sore ass and *more* money than you thought you had."

Question: How many politicians does it take to tile a bathroom floor?

Answer: It depends on how thinly you slice 'em.

During confession a nun admitted, "Father, I have sinned. I'm pregnant!"

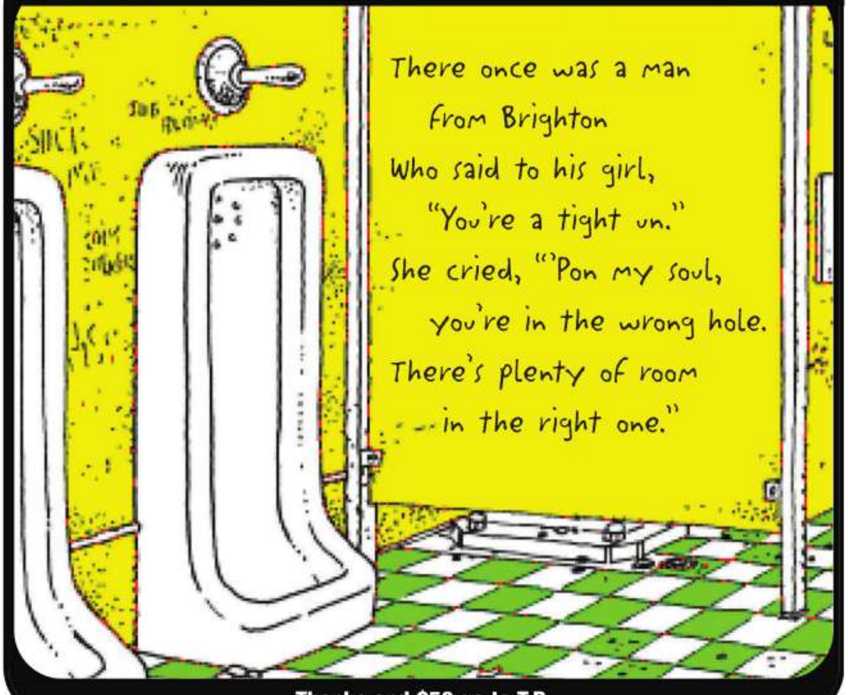
"But how did this happen, Sister?" the shocked priest inquired.

"I think it must be the second coming," the nun explained.

"What in God's name makes you think this is the second coming?"

"Because I swallowed the first one," Father."

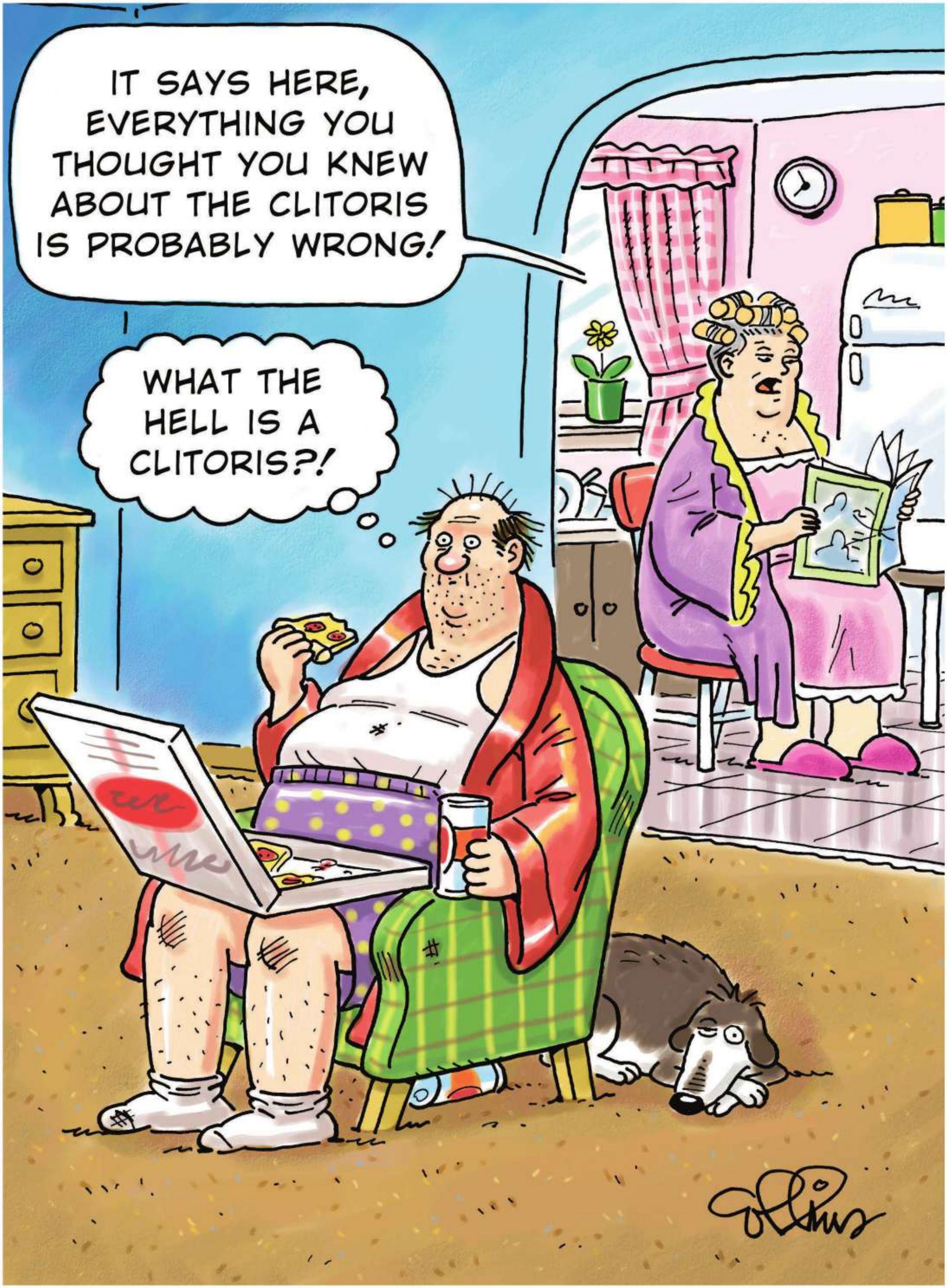
GRAFFILTHY



There once was a man
from Brighton
Who said to his girl,
"You're a tight un."
She cried, "'Pon my soul,
you're in the wrong hole.
There's plenty of room
in the right one."

Thanks and $50 go to T.R.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com.* If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.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KIM FOWLEY
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KIM FOWLEY
LORD OF GARBAGE

PHOTO BY DAVE KAPP

"I'M A CLEVER, CUNNING PRICK"

KIM FOWLEY'S DEATHBED RANT

INTERVIEW BY KEITH VALCOURT

UNAPOLOGETIC TO THE END, ROCK'S LEGENDARY EGOMANIAC GIVES THIS LIFE—AND DEATH—THE BIG FINGER. SATAN, BE WARNED.

Unabashed whackjob Kim Fowley is the mastermind behind dozens of songs you love and probably even more you hate. He produced novelty hits like "Alley Oop," cowrote songs for Alice Cooper, KISS, Jonathan Richman, Jimi Hendrix, Van Halen and Gene Vincent. And he gave birth to rock's legendary girl band The Runaways. Michael Shannon played him in the movie.

Now Fowley is bedridden in a grimy, run-down West Hollywood apartment, clad only in a diaper and dirty T-shirt, with his piss-bloated urostomy bag in full view. But the way he talks, you'd think he still ruled the Sunset Strip. Ostensibly promoting his book *Lord of Garbage*, he speaks with a belligerent joy only occasionally interrupted by the hacking cough of a man now in his fifth bout with cancer and whose days are literally numbered. By the time you read this, he may well be dead.

HUSTLER: How—

KIM FOWLEY: No. My turn first. Tell me who you are again and why are you here.

I'm Keith Valcourt, and you and I are talking for HUSTLER Magazine.

How smart is Larry Flynt?

Very. The man built an empire on a passion for pussy, and it's made him a millionaire.

How sick is he?

He's doing fine. He's in the office every day running the show.

Are they making money there?

The casino is very successful. So are the stores and clothing lines. Print sales are flat everywhere.

People don't jack off anymore?

People jack off to the Internet. Jump on a computer, type in the word *porn*, and you're good to go.

Does he have a new wife?

Nope. Same wife for over a decade now.

What do the girls look like who come in to the magazine?

Young, hot, willing.

Does Flynt eat pussy?

I imagine so.

Huh. What do you think of this? (*Fowley points to his half-full urostomy bag.*)

Can't be easy.

Am I the new Larry Flynt? >>

Would you like to be the new Larry Flynt?

I wanna be the new Howard Hughes.

Your toenails are too manicured. You need a long beard like Rasputin and tissue boxes for house slippers to be the new Howard Hughes.

My mother fucked him, you know.

Your mother fucked Howard Hughes?

Yup.

Was your mother an actress?

Sometimes.

Was she one of those that Hughes set up in an apartment?

No. She fucked him at the corner of La Cienega and Sunset in a photographer's studio. A photographer who was a pimp for Hughes. Be great if I was his kid. That would justify everything, wouldn't it?

Sure would.

You know what the difference is between Old Hollywood and New Hollywood? The drugs, the haircuts and the diseases. Everything else remains the same. Whatever you read about a year from now or 20 years from now, it's the same. A hole. Women. Another hole. Men and women. Another hole in the back. Some reproductive shit. Some erogenous zones. Fingers. Objects. Body parts. Lips. Tongue. Lies. Teardrops. Pain. Horror. Cars, clothes, children. Lawyers. Taking a sexual shit.

How are you dealing with dying of cancer?

I'm writing books. One's already done. I did it last year in the hospital. I'm on the radio on Sirius every weekend. Then I produce records from my bed on portable equipment. And I edit movies I make. They took my bladder out. They took the prostate. Took the lymph nodes out of the region. Eight incisions. Two months before that they removed a tumor from my kidney. I have five years to live. At the most. Giggle. Giggle. Fucky fucky foo.

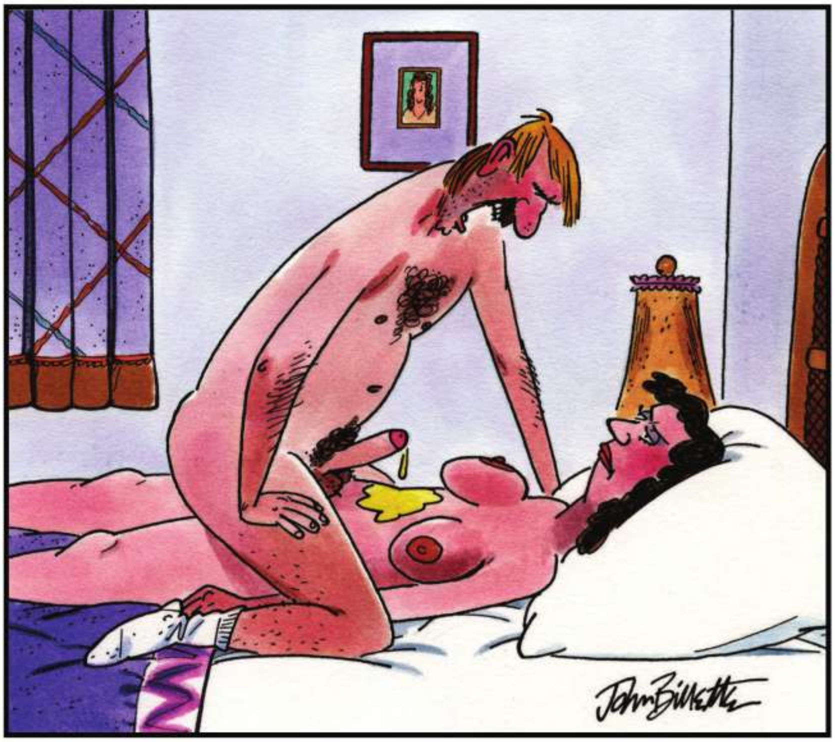
***Lord of Garbage* is your autobiography. Why three volumes?**

So I can make more money.

The third one's being held until after your death?

The day I die it comes out. Because it's good marketing. To die and have a book out the same day. And I've picked the day.

> **"A HOLE. WOMEN. ANOTHER HOLE. MEN AND WOMEN. ANOTHER HOLE IN THE BACK. SOME REPRODUCTIVE SHIT. SOME EROGENOUS ZONES. FINGERS. OBJECTS. BODY PARTS. LIPS. TONGUE. LIES. TEARDROPS. PAIN. HORROR. CARS, CLOTHES, CHILDREN. LAWYERS. TAKING A SEXUAL SHIT."**



"No, I did not come already! That's pus from the clap you gave me!"

You're planning your death?

I know when I'm going to die. It's all done.

Is it soon? Maybe while we're sitting here?

No. Volume 1 will run its course. Then the next one. Then the final book. I know when that will be.

When you tell your life story, does anything surprise you?

No.

Any regrets?

None.

What is your greatest accomplishment?

Waking up with a heartbeat. I never really did much. I'm a clever, cunning prick. I'm not very talented.

With your health issues, do more people come to talk to you?

They want to see me die. They get a hard-on or a wet pussy when they come in and see all this.

They get a hard-on seeing you with a bag of piss hanging off your side?

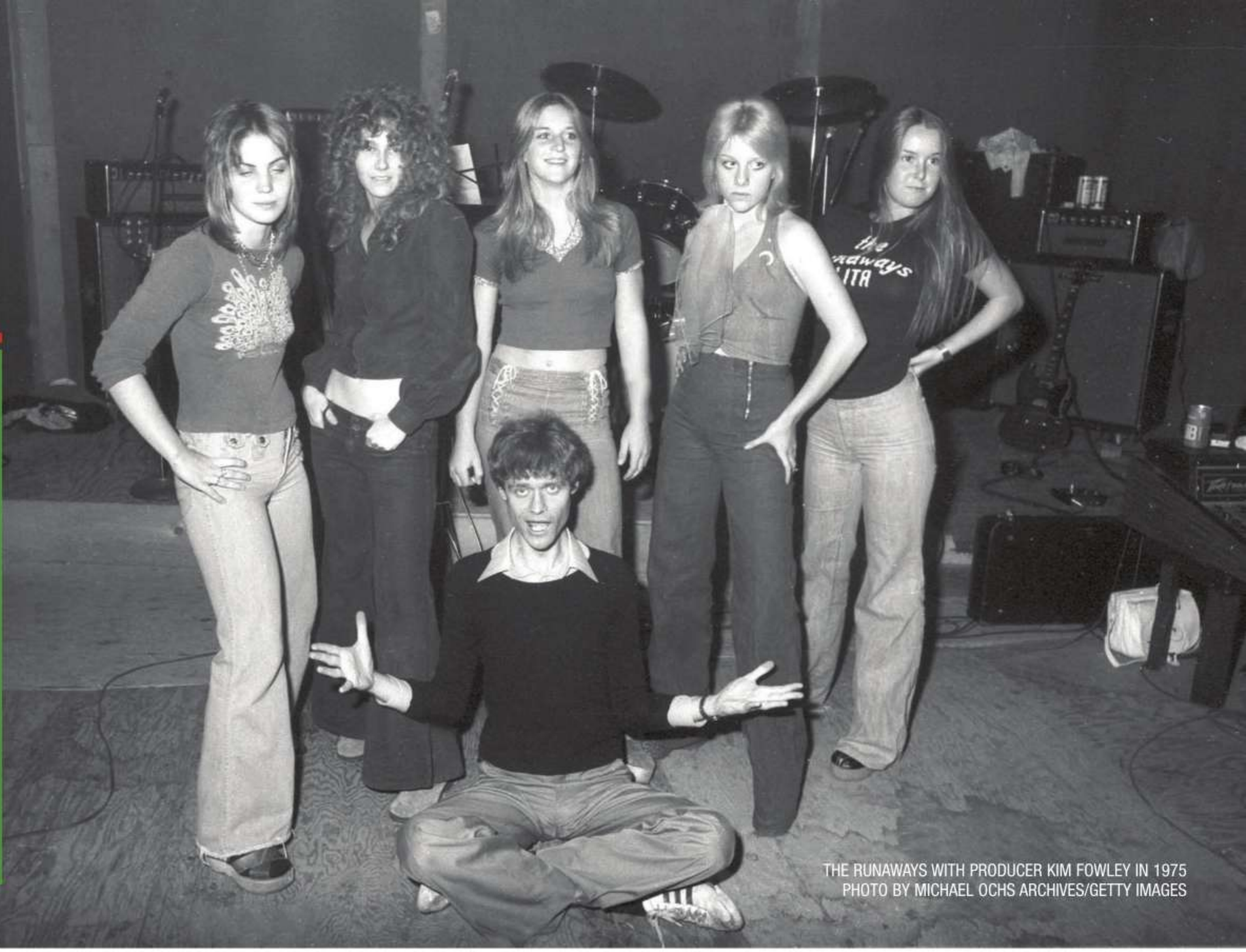
Yeah. They like diapers too.

Do you enjoy that?

I don't care. It's good promotion.

Which of your new acts are you excited about?

Lady Satan's Dyke Bar. Lesbians. Fags and misfits doing



THE RUNAWAYS WITH PRODUCER KIM FOWLEY IN 1975
PHOTO BY MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES/GETTY IMAGES

cabaret. Here in Hollywood. Every other week. Now that's a clapful of shaved cunts. All the bitches and shitasses are making a record.

Why are you drawn to misfits and freaks?

Look at me.

Do you consider yourself a misfit and freak?

Look at me!

Did you fit in when you were in the music business?

I'm not Jewish. I'm not gay. I'm not black and I'm not from the South. I'm not English. So what the fuck am I doing here? I'm not a redneck either.

Was *The Runaways* movie accurate?

No. The lead singer [Cherie Currie] wrote it from her point of view. It wasn't a musical story. It was the diary of a disturbed girl.

Did the hotel scene where you make the band watch you fuck really happen?

No. In her book Cherie mentions the name of the person I supposedly had sex with. I've never heard of her. She mentions in her book, the original version and the rewritten version, that she had alcohol and drug issues for over 30 years. So how good and accurate is a person's memories after 30 years of addiction?

But hasn't Cherie apologized to you and said, "Sorry, I was a drunk when I wrote that"?

In so many words. But she has continued anyway giving interviews as recently as two months ago.

Both Cherie Currie and Lita Ford want a Runaways reunion. Should it happen?

Are you gonna get your cock removed and get a vagina installed in your body? Never. That's the answer.

You remain friends with Joan Jett?

She's a human being. Jackie [Fox] is pleasant. She's a human being. I don't know how they are with other people. Sandy [West] is dead, and I never talk to the other two.

Even though you're dying, they haven't made amends?

Why? They'll jack off the damn dead. They'll have a party. Cherie Currie will say, "Ah, yes!" I'll see her in hell. Then we'll chat again.

You also worked with Frank Zappa?

He's overrated. He was bright and good, but he wasn't miraculous. I was his Brian Jones according to him on his first album. I performed with him live. I'm God onstage.

Any artists you wanted to work with but didn't?

No.

Any that blew you away?

John Lennon was good. Street Talk—who you've never heard of, from New Zealand—were great. Leon Russell was amazing. Whoever went platinum—KISS, Alice Cooper, Nirvana, Mötley Crüe, Steppenwolf—if I worked with them or they used my songs. Goddamn, man! They were great. That's why they went platinum. People who sold product meant the public got it. That's why you do this. For the public. Anyone who went gold or platinum had some value. Everybody else was a waste of time. >>

KIM FOWLEY AND JOAN JETT IN 2009
PHOTO BY ASSOCIATED PRESS

You've also done some acting. Do you enjoy that more than music?

Do you think I'm acting now?

I think we all assume roles throughout the day depending on what we have to deal with.

This isn't even me. This is a special persona designed just for you.

A Kim Fowley hologram?

It's an illusion. In real life I'm meaner, less talented and less brilliant than this.

Did you enjoy acting?

I don't enjoy any of this.

Do you enjoy anything?

Yes. Shitting and sleeping.

In photos you're never smiling. Do you ever smile?

No. Nothing to smile about. When a chick is coming, she doesn't want to hear you talk or smile. Think about it. You're nothing but a lame piece of shit dumping garbage in her driveway if you start smiling or making noises while she comes. She makes the noises. I've never been loved, or particularly liked either, to the extent that one day someone cooked dinner for me and said, "You don't seem particularly comfortable eating dinner with us in our home. Haven't you done this often?" I said, "Twenty-eight times since 1959 I've been invited to people's homes to eat. The rest of the time I've been a source of income or a source of ideas." I'm not considered as a human. Subhuman.

Why?

Because I'm not lovable and not digestible. Because I'm 6 feet, 5 inches and have the face of Frankenstein. Because I'm a know-it-all and direct. The authoritarian dictator oversized human with a Max von Sydow face. People would rather masturbate to people with symmetric features. Ted Bundy, Bill Clinton, Elvis Presley all have perfect balance between eyes and upper and lower lip. Those are your mass murderers. Your movie stars. Your politician heroes.

Is your one wish to be loved?

No. My one wish is to find key lime pie in California like they have in Memphis. Great! Maybe that. If I lust for anything, it would be that.

What is your legacy?

I won't be remembered, so I don't have to worry about it.

You don't think you're an iconic figure in rock 'n' roll history?

No. Rock 'n' roll is fading away like jazz and surf music. Black people, brown people, yellow people—New Americans—aren't interested in it. It's a lifestyle. It's no longer a music. Rock 'n' roll is a dead horse being kicked in the balls. It died with Elvis. Died with John Lennon. And MTV/pop music of the late 20th century died with Michael Jackson. All music is now is background. Sync-licensed noise on a video game. It has no use like it did in previous decades. The worms have eaten it. So have the rats. It's not there anymore. Turn on the radio if you don't believe me.

I think that's it.

No it's not. People about to die won't be available next time. I have no secrets.

Who are the two women hanging around?

One is a nurse. The other is Elizabeth, who does accounting for me and knows the hottest bitches in L.A. She introduced me to my last girlfriend. She's better than Hugh Hefner. Spectacular. I'm currently single.

It must be hard to date with cancer and a urostomy bag.

No it's not! Let me describe what it is like in one sentence. They come around out of fascination, admiration and disgust. And then Robocop has lesbian love with them. I do more than eat pussy. Like Larry Flynt, I have other skills. I have 11 cocks. Ten (*indicates fingers*) plus one (*sticks out tongue*). Women don't care how they come. Lesbians don't have penises. Dildos. Mouths. Fingers. Penis? It isn't that important. Wanna hear my Alice Cooper story?

Sure.

I was backstage in his dressing room. A girl walks up to me and says, "You bastard. My sister killed herself over you. She proposed marriage to you after she cooked dinner for you. You said no. She dropped you off, drove back home, set her kitchen on fire and burned to death." I said, "I don't remember." She said, "Why do you think she did that?" I said, "She was probably not fuckable or marriage material. I guess she couldn't live without me." At that point two other bitches stood up in Alice's dressing room and said, "We'll fuck the shit out of you right now. If someone will kill themselves over you, you must be hot. We'll take you home and do dirty shit with you." I said, "Fine." The sister and her two friends all sat there and cried. I left with the two hotties, went home, and I fucked both of them.

When did you first have sex?

I was a male prostitute in high school. Burn victims were my specialty. That's where I learned to fuck. If you can make a burn victim come, you can make any ugly bitch and plain bitch or any hot bitch come like a dog.

Were there several burn victims?

Between five and eight patients a day.

How did it start?

I came out of polio hospital. I was crippled and turned on a middle-aged woman who asked me if my plumbing worked. We did a transaction and a performance. She took me to her shrink, who hired me to be part of a clinic rehab offered to burn victims to help them get back on the road to intimacy. I would say to the burn victim, "Before the accident what did you want to do sexually that your partner wouldn't let you do at the time?"

I would get that out of the way. They would then have trust in me because I addressed their previous need before they were disfigured. Charged by the orgasm. A hundred and fifty bucks in 1957 dollars. Missing eyeballs, missing arms, missing nipples, missing toes, missing feet. Bring it in. It was so extreme, it was the equivalent of having sex with playmates of the month. Because they're grotesque, and their horror was so exact. It was a turn-on for me. The burn victims couldn't believe their luck. A 17-year-old boy was delivering the goods.

Why did you stop?

I went into the United States Army, and I couldn't perform these duties for the burn victims anymore. I learned how to kill instead. Then I was in the Air Force, where I learned more homicidal tricks. After that it was off to Hollywood. I figured they taught me how to kill and how to make burn victims come; what else do I need? I didn't even need talent at that point.

Which is the greater skill?

They're both equal.

Any unfulfilled sexual fantasies?

Yes. The one no girl would ever do. I wanted to get a bulldog and have the dog drool all over her cunt. Then I would eat her pussy. And fuck it. A—the dog wouldn't do it. B—the bitch wouldn't allow it to be done. Multiple times I was turned away. I always got a no on that one.

When I get laid, it's people that want that disfigured guy fucking them. They look up and see imperfection, horror and a haunted look. They come to that.

The most recent highlight, I call it the Monkey Face Story. I was asked to be intimate here on my hospital bed. The highlight of the experiment was ten orgasms on her part in one night. It was quite a week or two. Remember, my cock doesn't work for any purpose. >>

"I WANTED TO GET A BULLDOG AND HAVE THE DOG DROOL ALL OVER HER CUNT. THEN I WOULD EAT HER PUSSY. AND FUCK IT."

KIM FOWLEY
LORD OF GARBAGE

KIM FOWLEY AND KEITH VALCOURT
PHOTO BY DAVE KAPP

"You cheating piece of shit! I oughta slap the corn outa you!"

"Janice finally ate my cum. Well, I jacked off in her salad."

No erection. No urination. No sperm. In the middle of those ten orgasms somehow one of my cock fingers found its way up the rectum of said girl. Suddenly a monkey face appeared before me. And damned if I didn't get a piece of sperm up here on the tip of my cock. (*Laughs.*) Oh yay!

Have you done everything you wanted?

I never wanted anything.

Do you want anything now?

I want you to put this shit out there so more people can jack off and smoke dope. You'd be surprised what people jack off to these days.

What do you want to do before you die?

I'm going to fuck over a whole lot of people that think I'm a piece of shit. I would take great pleasure to make someone see Jim Morrison and John Lennon and Satan and all those folks if they tried attacking me.

Do you wish cancer on your enemies?

Cancer would be a jackoff exercise for them. I have bigger plans. Cherie is not an enemy. She's just someone I worked with along the way. My law of retribution: If you hate me, don't work at it. If you resent me, don't work at it. If you're confused by me, don't work at it. Then if you choose to be aggressive at these issues, I'll catch you coming and give you something you will really dislike me about.

On the happiest day of your life, when you have forgotten my name and what I look like, I'll get you. You won't see me coming and may not even know I'm responsible for the problem you're experiencing. I'll make sure you are disabled in as many areas as I can find. I'll find what you hold dear and what you hold sacred, and I'll make sure that that is tampered with. And disabled. Karma sometimes will take care of you. I don't have to lift a finger. Other times karma doesn't know you're there, being a pig. I'll become karma. How great of an interview is this?

Pretty great.

This is like watching a bulldog shit in the mouth of an ashtray.

Do you think there's an afterlife?

If so, I'm gonna be at Satan's beach house as the doorman. My uniform will be all my wounds and all the rat and worm bites I'll have from the graveyard.

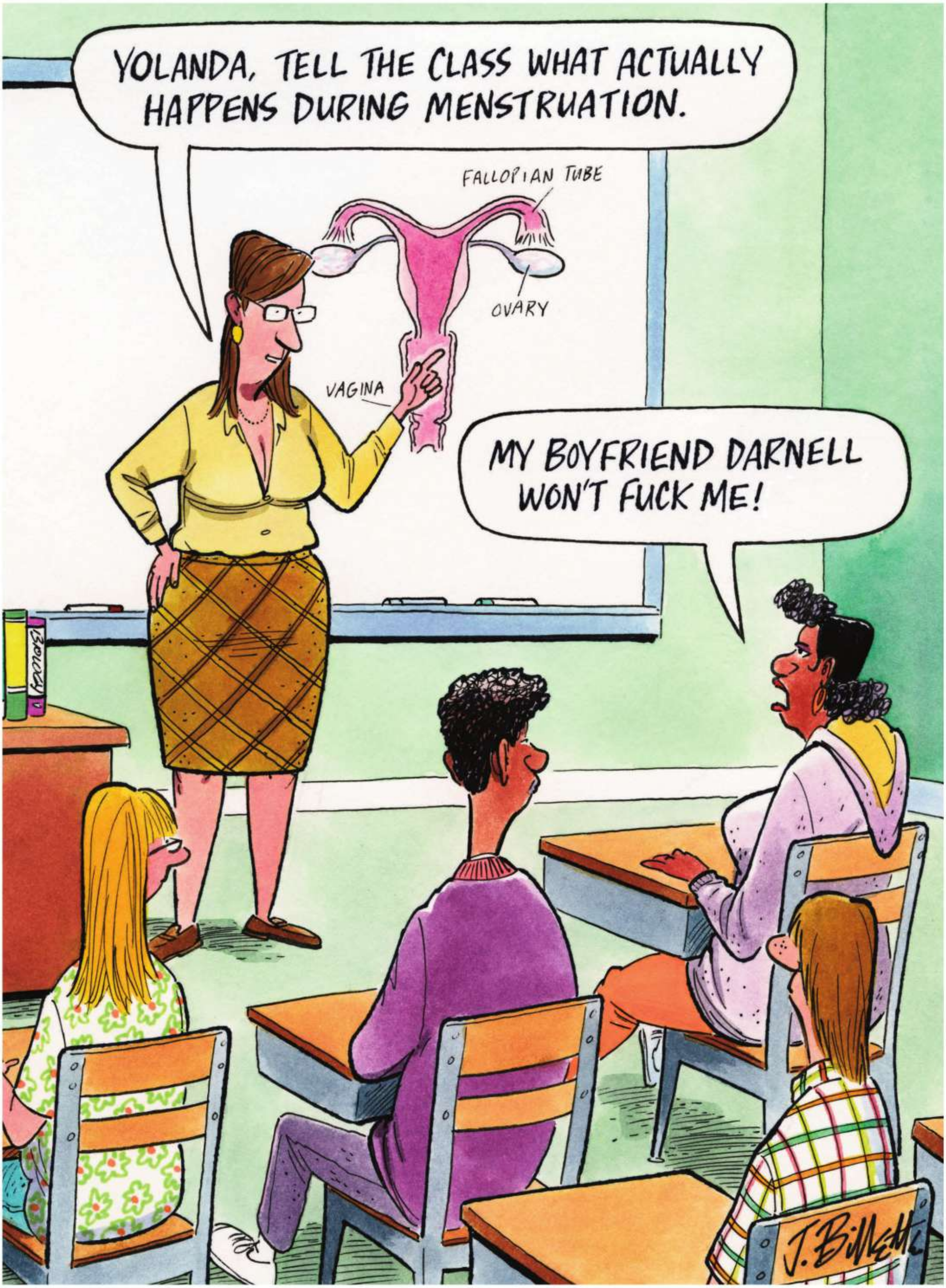
Are you afraid to die?

It will be a good cum. At least equal to the monkey-face-rectum-cock-finger insertion.

Last wishes?

If I lust for anything, it would be that key lime pie I spoke about before. Maybe stick it in a girl's cunt and let the bulldog drool on it. That's it. **H**

***Lord of Garbage* is available at Amazon.com. For more, go to KimFowley.com.**



YOLANDA, TELL THE CLASS WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENS DURING MENSTRUATION.
FALLOPIAN TUBE
OVARY
VAGINA
MY BOYFRIEND DARNELL WON'T FUCK ME!
BIOLOGY
J. Billett

ALL NEW HOT SHOWERS

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: RICK DAVIS. STARRING: CAPRI CAVANNI, KIERA WINTERS, ELAINA RAYE, MADISON IVY, CELESTE STAR, CHLOE CHAOS, LUNA STAR, MARK ZANE & BILLY GLIDE.

Getting clean can be a dirty job. This soapy sexapalooza gets its scrub on with Capri Cavanni drenching her gigantic jugs in a hot tease before the stunt cock comes in to finish the job. Capri's a 10, but you'll want to save some semen for supercute Kiera Winters and blond beauty Elaina Raye. The duo steam up the mirrors by using their tongues to get each other squeaky, then slap on strap-ons for those hard-to-reach places. In case that didn't slake your girl-girl cravings, busty Madison Ivy and apple-bottom Celeste Star are as soothing as a creamy conditioner and will get you harder than a bar of saddle soap. Meanwhile, Albuquerque native Chloe Chaos—who obviously should have gotten at least a walk-on role on *Breaking Bad*—gets her cunt wrecked before taking a score-settling blast of man batter in her pie hole. In case you missed her in our January '14 issue, Luna Star returns with a solo scene that will inspire you to soap up your stick one more time. All you have to do is follow the instructions: Lather, blow your load, repeat. To order *All New Hot Showers*, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**. Better get an extra copy for the poor plumber who has to come around and snake all the jizz clogs out of your drain.

—Andy Parker

CAPRI CAVANNI

LUNA STAR

KIERA WINTERS
& ELAINA RAYE

CHLOE CHAOS

MADISON IVY & CELESTE STAR

FUCK LIKE A PORN STAR

...AND DON'T FORGET TO PEE

BY LUX ALPTRAUM

Porn stars have a lot of sex—obviously. With all that banging under their belts, it stands to reason they'd have some good pointers to pass on to the rest of us. We asked six of our favorite fuckdolls to let us probe their wealth of carnal knowledge. You might want to take notes.

What's the most important thing to do before and after sex?

AIDEN STARR: Before sex make sure you are clean. After sex make sure you get clean!

JOANNA ANGEL: I have the same response to both of these questions: Take a really good and thorough shower using a multitude of different kinds of soaps: one that smells good, then another one that is antibacterial, then another one that moisturizes.

KELLY SHIBARI: Get regularly tested. Safe sex is fun sex.

TASHA REIGN: Before sex you need to make the person feel like they are the hottest person in the world even if they're not. After sex I think it's important for the man to make some sort of connection with the woman that's more emotional or just a little message of "Thanks for fucking me and you were great and let's do it again."

ASA AKIRA: Before, connect with partner. After, pee.

What's the weirdest sex tip you've ever heard—and actually tried?

ASA: Coconut oil as lube. I prefer spit. But as far as lubes go, pure coconut oil has been the best one I've tried. It doesn't get sticky like water-based lubes, and it doesn't burn my asshole like silicone-based lubes. It's also safe to ingest and doesn't break me out if I get it on my face.

SKIN DIAMOND: Using a big turkey baster full of lube and injecting it inside the asshole and then fucking it all out—for that super-lubey anal-sex experience!

ASA AKIRA

SKIN DIAMOND

TASHA REIGN

JOANNA: I had a friend who was obsessed with organic medicine and whatnot, and she told me to stick plain yogurt in my vagina a day or two before a scene. She said it would like replenish my vagina and give it a healthier pH. All it really did was make way for some incredibly awkward explaining of myself to a roomful of people when white liquid dripped out of my vagina and onto someone's dick. That same friend also told me to drink a cup of my own urine. I ignored her phone calls for a while after that.

TASHA: Dress up like furries and fuck with costumes on with a hole in the genital region. I have photos and video to prove this. Dane Cross dressed up in a rabbit outfit and fucked my brains out, pretty much the creepiest and hottest thing I have ever done.

When you're on set with new partners, how do you figure out what they like? How do you tell them what you like?

ASA: We usually have a quick discussion on our likes/dislikes right before shooting the scene. "I like to be choked, but not to the point of passing out. I like to be slapped, but not on my tits," etc. Although I try not to say too much of what I like, or else it just makes it too technical. Some things are more fun discovered on their own.

AIDEN: If it's a BDSM scene, I introduce them to formal negotiation and instruct them to use this method for all future scene encounters. If it's a vanilla scene, I like to flirt with and seduce my partner as though he were a new lover.

SKIN: Usually before a scene with someone new we'll have a quick discussion on likes/dislikes, for example: "You can slap my ass but not my face" or something along those lines. Most of the time I like to feel someone out >>

KELLY SHIBARI

during the scene. It's more fun that way! But hard no's are a good thing to get out of the way beforehand so that it doesn't kill the mood during a scene.

JOANNA: I honestly don't like to outline sex with my scene partners. I feel like when I first started in porn, I felt like it was part of my job to outline how I liked getting fucked to whomever I was working with, but it never really seemed productive. You have different energy with everyone, and everyone has different energy on different days. These days I just say, "Let's just fuck and have a good time." I may sound like a total hippie, but I just try to feed off the other person's energy and see what happens.

KELLY: [On-set] communication is similar to talking with your real-life partner, just with a crew and lights and gear around. While you're mid-scene, there's actually a decent amount of eye contact and whispering about how things feel—and if we're ready to move to the next position, which again is sexy because it's something only we share in that moment. There's definitely a lot of "Do you like this? Can you do this? It helps me come better/faster/harder" kind of talk going on. Directors do give us time to warm up to each other as well, and sometimes they give us some off-camera time to get horny with each other. Chemistry is chemistry.

TASHA: I always ask them what they like and vice versa. I like to pay attention to what they are really into and get super turned on by and then repeat that!

What's something you do on camera that you would never, ever try at home? And why?

ASA: Probably a gangbang, only because it's too hard to get a group of guys together who are tested and sane. That's what makes porn so cool: I can act out all my fantasies in a safe way that would never be possible in the real world.

SKIN: I would never do anything on camera that I wasn't comfortable doing at home! I like my scenes to be very authentic and real. If I were to do something I wasn't into personally at least to some extent, then I feel it would show on camera.

JOANNA ANGEL

JOANNA: A gangbang. I honestly don't trust five-plus men running around my house with raging boners without anyone telling them what to do! And secondly, I have a very small living room. Perhaps when I can afford a larger one, I can consider having a gangbang there.

KELLY: Wear as much makeup as I do on camera. False eyelashes might look pretty on camera, but they're kinda awkward in bed at home.

TASHA: I just started doing anal. I got to choose Mick Blue to fuck me for Brazzers in a new scene, "Sacred Holes," and it was great, but all four positions were anal. As much as I love taking it up the butt, I don't want to neglect my adorable vagina ever again.

AIDEN: Everything I do on camera I have tried at home. Gangbangs are sure easier to pull off on camera, however!

AIDEN STARR

What's the most important sex tip you could ever give someone?

SKIN: Have fun! Sex isn't supposed to be serious; it's playtime for grownups!

JOANNA: Just relax, be confident and let the inner slut roll out of you.

KELLY: Ask. It's more than "communicate." It's not always about what you want. Oftentimes it's what the other person wants.

TASHA: Listen and pay attention. It's important to try to see what your partner is into and how she's enjoying herself and what sex acts are making her tick.

ASA: Always pee after sex. H

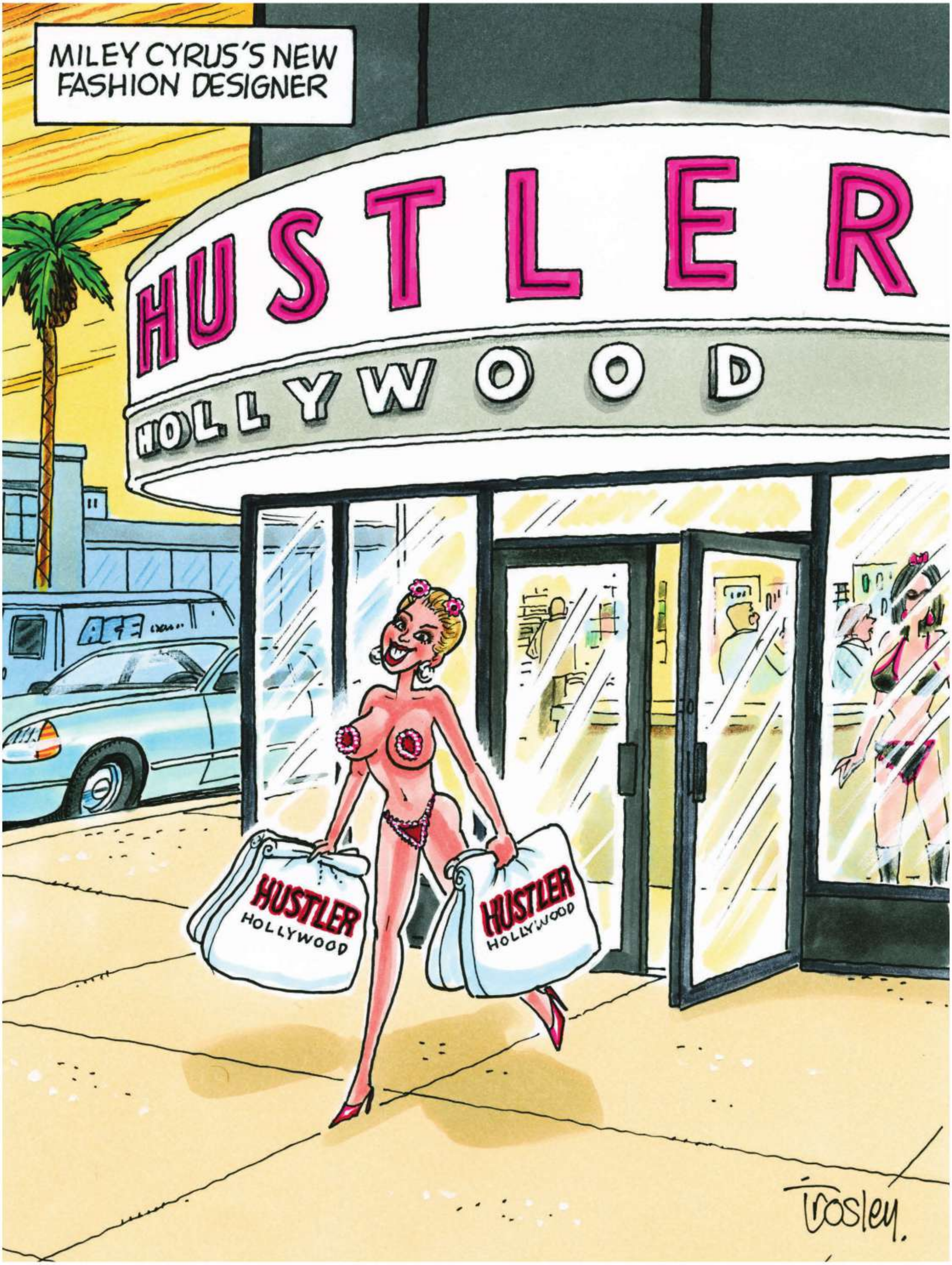
For more by Lux Alptraum, go to **Fleshbot.com**.

RIHANNA
RIMES

MALL DOLL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

I got tired of this lame-ass mall about two minutes after I started working here. Can you believe people actually ask me if I'm *the* **Rihanna**? Anyways, the money's shit and the hours suck. So how about you help me get fired? Close the gate…or not. I'll suck your dick. You drill my sweet na na. And if the boss shows up, let's flip her off together!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SCANDAL SIREN
LYNSIE LEE

"HOW SENATOR CORY BOOKER BECAME MY TWITTER CRUSH"

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

ROADSIDE PHOTOS BY CASEY GRANT PHOTOGRAPHY
STUDIO PHOTOS BY JM DARLING

LOCATION Portland, Oregon **AGE** 26
PROFILE Twitter: @LynsieLee

It's so classic, it sounds like an old comedy routine: the stripper and the politician. This time the players are leggy beauty Lynsie Lee and rising Democratic star Cory Booker. Last September, when Booker was still mayor of Newark, New Jersey, and revving up his successful U.S. Senate run, the pair exchanged some frisky tweets that had the tattooed sexpot blushing. No easy feat! Her Twitter following includes comedians Patton Oswalt, Jim Norton, Joe Rogan and more than 18,000 others. Pretty impressive for a gal who dances at Portland's vegan strip club Casa Diablo.

It all started when Lynsie and Booker were two of the "140 strangers" interviewed in *Follow Friday*, a documentary exploring the impact of social media—especially Twitter.

Soon after, new Booker follower Lynsie launched a string of salacious tweets. A few months later Booker finally took the bait: "The East Coast loves you and by the East Coast, I mean me."

"I didn't plan or expect this Cory Booker thing to happen," says Lynsie. "But now that it has, I hope it sheds some light onto the fact that people in the sex industry are exactly that: people. Cory has proven himself an even greater candidate in my eyes because he cares about who people are, not what they do."

For half a second the Booker camp was worried about their man being linked to a stripper—and not even a Jersey girl! But he isn't married and by all accounts never saw Lynsie polish a pole. A month after the Twitter hoopla hit, Booker sailed to a special-election victory that sent him to D.C.

Lynsie admits she "wants someone in her life," even if he's not on a fast track to the White House. But she knows what she likes: "A sense of humor is a must. I've been accused of having a comedian fetish. My favorite feeling is to lay there after good sex and make each other laugh. And I love when a guy keeps himself in shape. Nothing's worse than a guy getting exhausted in bed."

Fans keep Lynsie busy too, often sending her heartfelt portraits. "One time a guy drew me a picture of my butthole, and that was kind of weird."

But Lynsie still has one unfulfilled fantasy: "I want to be fucked by a police officer in the back of his squad car!"

At press time we were still waiting for Senator Booker to return our calls for comment.

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BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

SABRINA

This "bubbly" nurse from Louisville, Kentucky, doesn't beat around the bush. "I love to be naked for all to see," declares Sabrina, who'll turn 33 in March. "One of my fantasies is to rent a room at a hotel and have sex with my husband out on the balcony and hope people will watch." The 5-foot-4 country-music fan is quite the wife. "I love to cook nude with only high heels on while my man watches," Sabrina owns up. "My hobbies are horseback riding, swimming and taking very good care of his sex life. I'm a dirty girl who loves sucking dick, eating pussy and being tied up and spanked hard." —*Photos by Husband*

"I like to squat down and pee in front of my husband in the backyard and sometimes in public places."

CARESSA

"I'm always in the mood for sex."

Asked why she wished to pose nude for HUSTLER, Caressa replies, "I don't think Larry Flynt would let me appear dressed. I've long admired HUSTLER Magazine. I feel the images exude true sex appeal, unlike other publications that seem very stiff to me." The 5-foot-3 Dallas, Texas, native may be 42, but the Twitter, Pho—that's Vietnamese grub—and boating aficionada isn't short on her own brand of sex appeal. Admittedly "flirty, silly-hearted but goal-oriented," Caressa confides, "I completed a surgical-tech program but found my calling at the Moonlite BunnyRanch because it satiates my libido. I'm always up for group sex and new, exciting places to fornicate. I'm bi but prefer a man in the middle of us." Caressa is a firm believer in making a good first impression: "I picked up a date once at the Reno-Tahoe International Airport stark naked. Public nudity is such a rush. While masturbating, I often fantasize about having sex during a sporting event with a huge audience watching." —*Photos by Lance Kincaid*

Twitter: @CaressaKisses1

SAMANTHA RAE

"I always make things fun," says Samantha Rae, a college student from Omaha, Nebraska, who makes a dandy hood ornament. Always eager to shuck her duds, the 5-foot-2 Cornhusker will be celebrating her 19th birthday in March as an encore Beaver. "I never do anything just once if I like it," Samantha Rae remarks. The legal teen's likes include skinny-dipping, ice-skating, traveling, Chinese food and AC/DC, but topping the list is sex. "I'm very bi, and I love three-ways with another girl and a guy. I'm all about diversity." —*Photos by Kickback Productions*

"I want to be tied to a tree naked while a girl and guy have sex with me."

AMANDA

"My fantasy is to have one guy fucking me in the ass and another guy fucking my pussy."

"I love to get nude by the rivers in Tennessee," hoots Amanda, 32, a "very outgoing" waitress from Nashville, "and have the sun beam down on my naked body." Now the 5-foot-6 soccer, fishing, swimming and horseback riding enthusiast is down for basking in the buff in her favorite mag. "My boyfriend and I were just having fun one night," Amanda adds. "Then out came the camera. He always tells me how beautiful I am and how good I am in bed. I'm bi, and I love dressing up, playing roles and being on top." —*Photos by Husband-to-Be*

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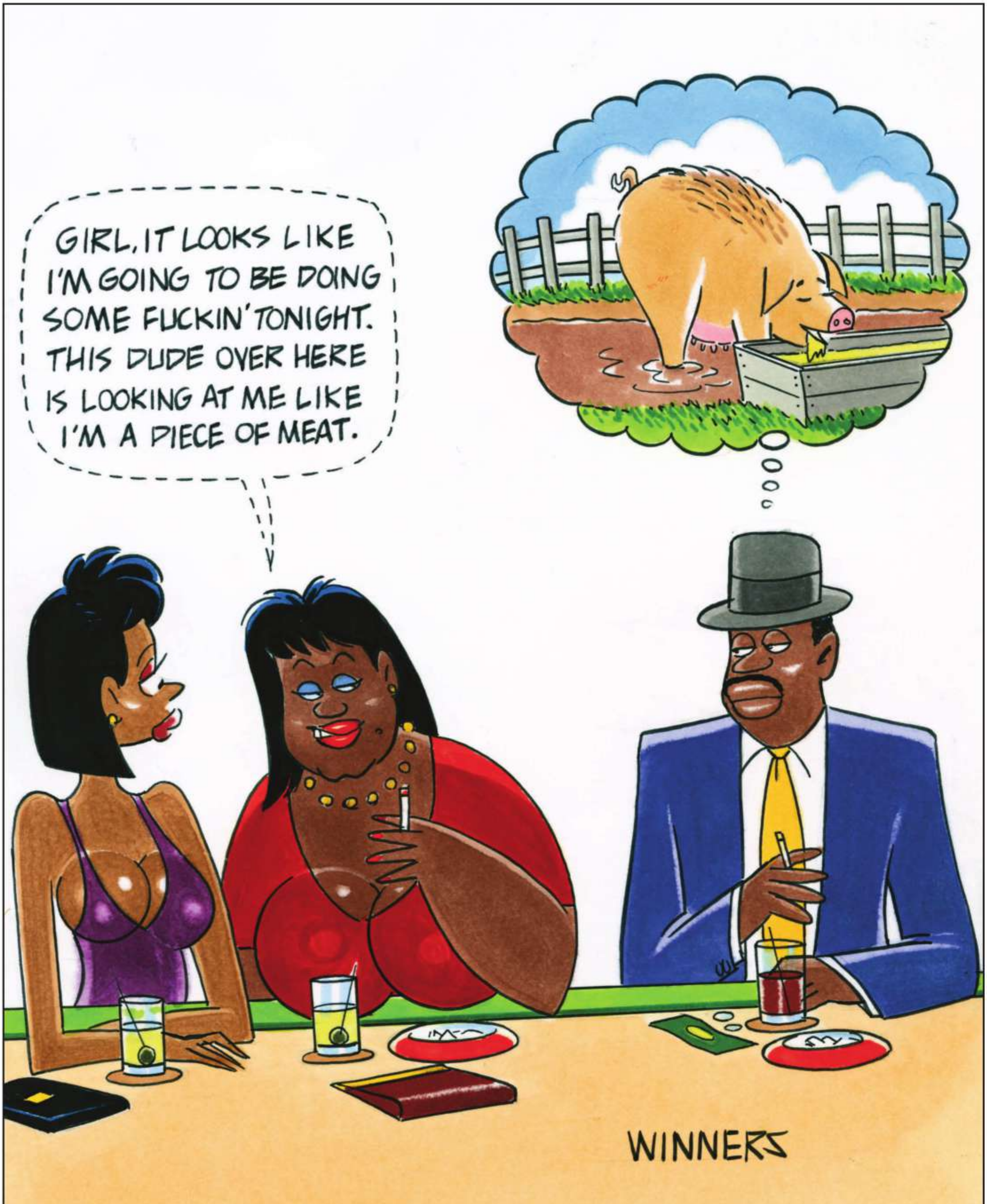
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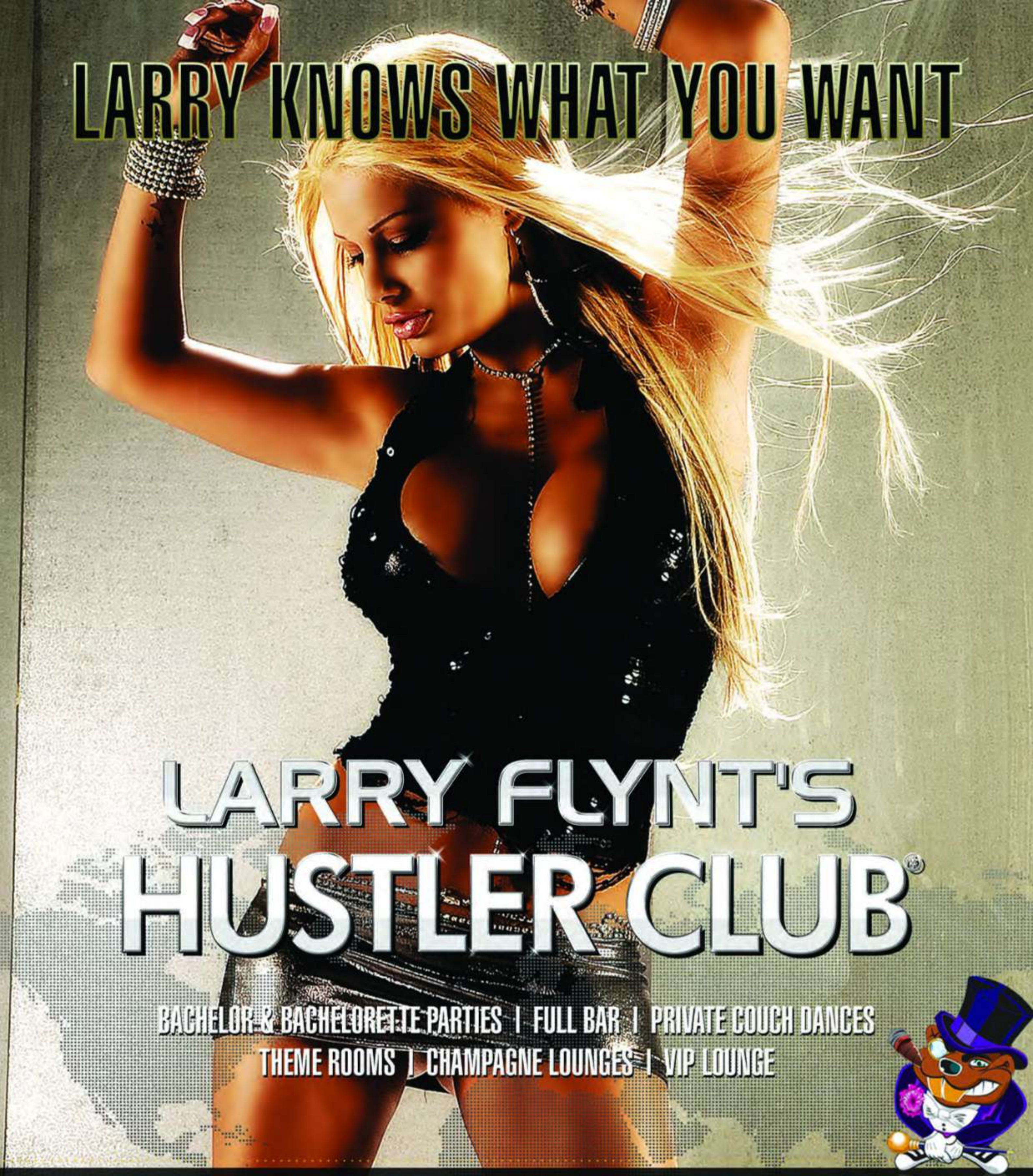
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FRESHMAN CONQUEST

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

ADRIANA CHECHIK

VANESSA CAGE

Sure, we're typical freshmen—eating pizza, cutting classes, chugging beer—but experimenting with sex? Nah. We got that out of the way months ago. By now we're sort of like pros. This semester it's all about *how many* boys we can screw. At least I'll get a 4.0 in sexology!

LINDA LAY

EMILY AUSTIN

HEIDI

LOVE HUNGRY

HUSTLER CLASSIC AUGUST 1985

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

I guess I'm an old-fashioned romantic at heart," sighs luscious **Heidi**. "I still like to be wined and dined…as long as *I'm* the main course! Men should still whisper sweet nothings in a girl's ear, as long as one of those nothings is 'Let's fuck, baby.' After all," she laughs wickedly, "you can't live on romance alone."

COMING SOON

D.C. BELTWAY'S XXX SEXTPOT

Anthony Weiner's career-killing siren Sydney Leathers goes from teasing Congressional cock to full-blown hardcore. OMG.

JUGGALETTE JAMBOREE

Our photog roams the gathering of Insane Clown Posse devotees and offers them cash for flash. Imagine a Beaver Hunt in the wilds of Illinois.

APRIL MACIE'S FILTHY MIND

The hot comic drags us to a cheap hotel room to entertain us with daddy issues and dick jokes. You won't know whether to laugh or whack off.

QUACK SQUACK

As TV's top reality series gets the deluxxxe treatment, we answer the timeless question: What do fuck stars know about ducks?

COURTNEY
DILLON

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